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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JUNE 1916

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	E. A. Mackintosh
	Trevor Allen
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SOAP

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It

Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Box of Three Tablets 1/-

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Dear Sirs,

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT."

It seems to me a unique and spontaneous tribute to your soap.

Yours truly, S . . . . .

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Specially designed to meet the present demand for dainty and practical garments at a really moderate price.

TEA FROCK, in rich Crêpe de Chine, with wide double hem to skirt, finished with hemstitching, bodice trimmed with frills of Crêpe frayed out and let in with hemstitching and satin ribbon sash. Thoroughly well made by our own workers in black and a large range of colourings.

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In our special outsizes **10/6** extra.

In addition to our Ready-to-Wear Teagowns, we have opened a new department for making teagowns to special order, all of which may be copied from the most exclusive Paris Models.

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
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for Taste for Quality, for Value

The Charm of Lingerie Gowns

¶ The standard of dress has become so much higher of late years that now even the simple frock of cotton must have style and cut. This counts even more than the quality of the material, and nothing could be daintier or more delightful than the lingerie gowns of this season. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., are issuing a special little booklet which is fully descriptive and illustrated with many of their newest cotton, net, and embroidered lingerie gowns, which are adapted from exclusive Paris models, and are quite different from the ordinary ready-to-wear frock. They are, however, quite moderately priced, and will appeal to women on this account as well as for their undoubted charm and daintiness. There is one particularly smart frock in French muslin with pretty embroidery trimming on the bodice and scalloped flounce of the skirt, which is finished with a coloured belt of quaint French design, and is quite inexpensive at 78*s.* 6*d.* Another very effective model, in French *voile*, at 98*s.* 6*d.*, has a dainty cross-over bodice with tiny tucks and Valenciennes insertions. The narrow waistbelt of striped oriental silk gives a bright colour note.

The Viyella Habit

¶ Among the words not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary which have yet passed securely into the language is the word "Viyella," of which everyone knows the significance. People who have once worn this fabric know that it combines the advantages of cotton and wool in a very marked degree, and that it is in every respect ideal for summer or winter wear for men's shirts, women's blouses, or for nightgowns and pyjamas. The lightweight and tropical (ultra-lightweight) are especially suitable for hot weather, while there are medium and heavyweights for winter wear. The widest possible range of patterns suitable for shirts or pyjamas—dainty stripes, plain cream, khaki, regulation greys and cream shades for service wear, plain shades in a large range, ensures one getting what one desires in Viyella, and the softness of the fabric materially aids the charm of the colouring. Its success as a washing material leaves nothing to be desired. Experience, indeed, has proved that Viyella garments improve with washing. Each garment bears the Viyella tab, and will be replaced free of charge should it shrink.

Regimental Badge Brooches

¶ A favoured form of gift at present much in vogue is the naval and military jewellery specially designed and sold by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112 Regent Street. These regimental badges are made in platinum and gold, silver and enamel, either plain or set with diamonds and other precious stones. They are to be had mounted as brooches, safety-pins, tie-pins, sleeve-links, and pendants, &c. The great merit of these beautiful badges is that, unlike so much badge jewellery now being sold, each badge is marked by individual merit and artistic work, and by that high quality always associated with all articles produced by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. Yet this new jewellery is not costly, but is sold at prices within the reach of all buyers.

Choice Gem Rings

¶ These important considerations of quality and price apply with equal force to the gem rings. It is reassuring to know that one can secure a really artistic production and of perfect finish, which the employment of only skilled workers guarantee, for less than the sum of £5.

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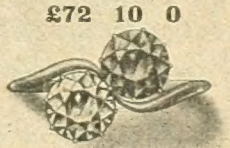
Specimen Sapphire and Diamond Crossover.
£70 0 0

Half-hoop 5 Stone Diamond Ring.
£110 0 0

112, Regent St., London, W.

There are also superb rings costing as much as £600; for more modest requirement, however, such rings as a single stone sapphire with diamond shoulders is only £22 10*s.*, and another charming ring with laurel leaves and small diamonds placed either side of a beautiful pearl is but £40.

Graceful Gowns

¶ The ease and luxury of the teagown has never been so desirable as it is in these strenuous war days, when tired women are glad of its comfort, as well as charmed by its grace and daintiness, as a change from the more serious and practical suits designed for war work. All the newest ideas in teagowns and *négligés* are seen in most artistic setting in the grey *salons* at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, a perfect background for the multicolour silks, satins, Georgettes, *ninons,* and other soft and alluring materials which lend themselves so admirably to graceful draping. There are some very fascinating little gowns in Georgette at 69*s.* 6*d.*, and others in soft satin at 78*s.* 6*d.*, made with cross-over bodices which tie round at the back of the waist. Crisp taffeta teafrocks with *picot*-edged frills in old rose, pastel blue, and other charming shades are specially good value at 98*s.* 6*d.*, and there are pretty designs in figured cascade silk at 49*s.* 6*d.*, and in plain cascade and *crêpe de Chine* at 58*s.* 6*d.* Simple little breakfast-gowns made in muslin and *voile* in many effective styles are 35*s.* 6*d.* and 39*s.* 6*d.* All these gowns have elastic at the waist and are Marshall and Snelgrove's exclusive design and make. Kimonos and wrappers in choice variety, and the daintiest and most original models in *lingerie*, may be seen also in the same department as the teafrocks. A new jumper shape pyjama suit in silk radium at 49*s.* 6*d.* is an attractive novelty, and a little Japanese coat pyjama is another desirable new model. Petticoats and *matinées* to match are designed in filmy fabrics for morning wear, while the latest luxuries in nightgowns are figured *ninons* on black and coloured grounds.

At the sign of the Fourposter

¶ One of the first firms to realise the use of artistic and imaginative design in business is Messrs. Heal and Son at the sign of the Fourposter in Tottenham Court Road. Here one is sure to see things which please by their prettiness and allusiveness of design. It is like opening a door into a first-rate picture book to go among their charming productions in wood, weft, and ware, for Heal's have realised that poetry and practicality are compatible, and that folks who love to be fit as well as fine abound in this land of ours. Anyone who wants to form ideas of home or to see imaginings realised should go to the sign of the Fourposter—it is the land where one's own grandmother and grandchild have come to a perfect understanding of beauty, utility, and economy. The Fourposter Sheets which are issued weekly by Messrs. Heal and Son are a delightful shopping medium designed to draw attention from time to time to goods of especial interest and to offer suggestions as to seasonable purchases at various times of the year.

Concerning Food Values

¶ A firm of food manufacturers who appear to be working on very advanced lines contend that the only real economy in the matter of food is to rely chiefly upon commodities which represent the full value of ripened grains in a finely-prepared form. Thus they turn out a large variety of ready-to-use cereal products which are made solely from entire grains which have been previously ground to an extremely fine meal. At first sight it may seem that such foods would be unattractive, but there are few people who would not be surprised at the sweet, natural flavours of these unique foods, and every thinking householder should put the "P.R." quality to the personal test.

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Also Player's Navy Cut De Luxe (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. airtight tins at 1/6 and 3/- respectively

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—
MILD and MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf) 100 - 3/8; 50 - 1/10. MEDIUM 100 - 3/-; 50 - 1/7

Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

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P.611 Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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PALL MALL
GAZETTE

Publishing Office: **25, Tudor Street, London, E.C.**

The main practical proposition which this enterprising firm makes is that people should experiment by replacing the many soft, starchy, and sloppy foods in general use by crisp, delicious foods of the "P.R." type. They claim—with a good deal of justice—that a freer use of this type of food will enormously reduce the dental decay amongst children and the digestive troubles of adults. The two items which appear to be of special merit are "P.R." Breakfast Food (ready for use) and "P.R." Malt Biscuits, for which latter very striking claims are made as a remedy for dyspepsia. A box of samples can be obtained by sending 9*d.* to the Wallace P.R. Foods Co., 48 Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N.

General Wolfe's House for Canadians

¶ The Province of Quebec is booming in spite of the war and her big contribution in money and men to the Empire. French and British Canadians will be more than ever knit by this great alliance, and after the war there should be big things doing with the fast-developing resources, agricultural, mineral, and commercial. Since the days of Wolfe and Montcalm the old province has taken her place in the forefront of Canadian development. Financially, the province is making records, and her chances for capitalists are alluring. Values and amenities are on the up-grade all the time. Education and road-making go hand in hand, and Quebec offers new-world opportunities with much of the old-world advantages in civilisation and social effort. The Quebec Government is now making an effort to secure the historic "Quebec House," Westerham, Kent, the eighteenth-century home of General Wolfe, as a museum and rendezvous for Canadians visiting the old country.

Famous Cars for War Service

¶ Now that everyone begins to know one make of car from another, their names take a certain order of precedence in our minds, and the "Austin" is high up, not merely from alphabetical consideration. Just now this famous firm is only executing War Office orders and those sanctioned as necessary for military service, but, like the best clubs and the best schools, there is a waiting list for the mere civilian. Specially raked steering is one of the "Austin" features, but all motorists know the "Austin," "Vitesse" Phæton, "Sidmouth" Coupe, the "Brooklands" Sports Type Phæton, and the "Lancaster" Landaulet—all comely and reliable types of 20-h.p., as good as well may be.

The 20/25 h.p. Ambulances and Lorries one sees everywhere—the latter up to 5-ton capacity. Everyone who is buying or intending to buy one of these types should apply to the Longbridge Works at Northfield, Birmingham, for the "Austin" interim catalogue, which gives complete specifications.

Daily Bread

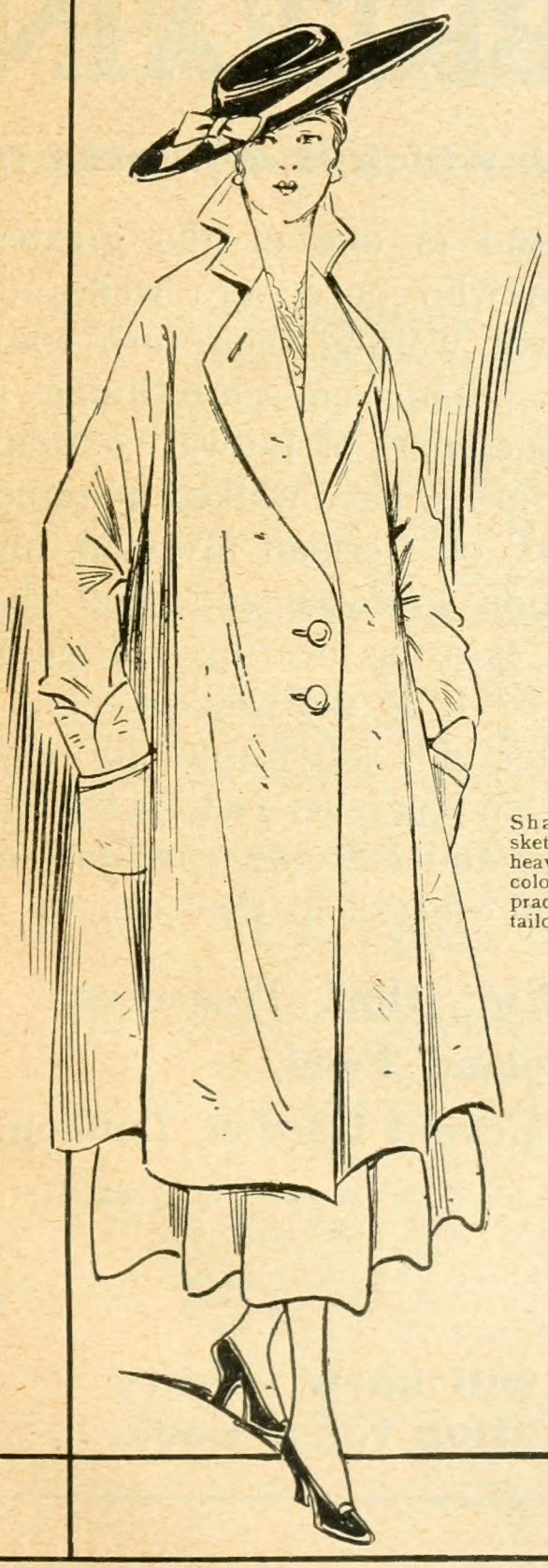
¶ There is a general agreement nowadays that it is quality rather than quantity which tells with regard to the food we eat. Bread is more than ever a staple diet, and the wheat kernel more than holds its own as the very essence of health and strength. Methods of milling have changed, and the resulting meal used by the baker in his mixing-trough for best brown bread—Bermaline, for example—shows sterling properties in analysis, to which both wheat and barley have contributed. A simple loaf of Bermaline may be obtained free from Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow.

Cheltenham Natural Aperient Water
FROM ALL CHEMISTS - 1/- PER BOTTLE

Nature's own remedy for
Gastric and Hepatic Troubles
Prescribed by the Leading Physicians.
THE FAMOUS BRITISH APERIENT WATER.

INEXPENSIVE SHANTUNG COATS

DURING the coming season Coats and Wraps made in Natural Shantung Silk will be most fashionable. These garments are perfectly cut and tailored, and being made in heavy weight tailoring silk can be guaranteed to give satisfaction in wear. We have many designs in stock suitable for street and motor wear, and taking into consideration the greatly increased cost of production and all silk materials, the prices at which they are marked are extremely moderate.



Shantung Coat, as sketch, in best quality heavy weight natural coloured silk, cut on full, practical lines, well tailored and finished.

Price 49/6

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HELP THE HOMELES

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GREAT BRITAIN

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The devastation of Poland is one of the greatest tragedies of the war. People who once were well-to-do stand in silent, anxious crowds waiting their turn while the soup kitchens pass along. Thousands are living in trucks, and sleeping on the stone floors of railway stations. Women, with children in their arms, have walked hundreds of miles to escape the horrors of German invasion, and have arrived at their destination so dazed and tired that the joy of seeing a friendly face, or hearing a friendly voice, has been denied them. "It is the saddest sight I have ever seen," states a writer in a letter from Moscow, and to all who feel compassion for the victims of the war—broken men and women, and starving children—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

EVELEIGH NASH, Esq., Hon. Treasurer,
Great Britain to Poland Fund,
36 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

N.B.—No contributions pass through German or Austrian hands. The money collected is sent to the Russo-Asiatic Bank in Petrograd, and considerable profit is made on the extremely favourable rate of exchange. In normal times Russia gives us 95 roubles for £10, but at present she gives us over 150 roubles for £10. The English equivalent of a rouble is a fraction over 2/1.

Twenty Shillings will keep twenty people from starvation for a week.

PEOPLE OF POLAND

ting to the

'O POLAND FUND

sh Moscow Relief Committee).

Committees have been established in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

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Cheques should be made payable to "Great Britain to Poland Fund."

Index to Vol. XXII.

(January to June, 1916.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

This index will be supplied post free to all readers sending the attached form.

The Manager,

The English Review,

17–21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

Please send $\frac{me}{us}$ *Index to Volume XXII. free of charge.*

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(*Kindly write distinctly.*)

Date _____

A correspondent writes :

"Just a line to congratulate you on your weekly issues since the War began. It is my intention to keep them and bind them. Others may prefer the elaborate pictorial records which are appearing in great numbers, but those who wish for a plain, sane, unvarnished story of the great war week by week told in good, common-sense English can't do better than secure the WEEKLY WESTMINSTER."

For those who wish a weekly review of the operations of the war, together with literary reviews and much matter of general interest, there is no better medium than

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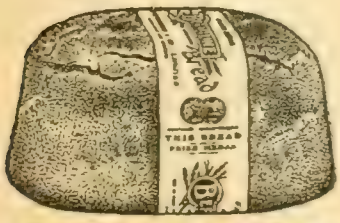

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Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for name of nearest Bermaline Baker.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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FINE quality has a direct relation to economy. "Fewer things and better" is a policy representing a genuine advantage.

In the purchase of furniture, "best is cheapest" is no mere special pleading. To demand sound material and right construction—of the kind that makes XVIIth and XVIIIth century pieces survive in use to this day—this is true economy.

And if fewer things be bought, to draw greater pleasure from these fewer things is surely wisdom.

An attempt—how far successful it is for customers to judge—to aim at a high standard of workmanship and good taste has been consistently made by

HEAL & SON

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD. W.

The Health Principle.

The importance of wearing garments that are really healthful is being continually insisted upon by medical men.

Every "Viyella" garment carries a guarantee of replacement should it shrink.

"We get them at the same time—you don't buy 'Viyella'!"

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

are health-giving in that the "Viyella" fabric **both** absorbs **and** radiates away the moisture of the body, whilst its porosity allows free air passage, thus keeping the skin in a healthy condition and minimizing the risk of chill. Durable, unshrinkable and comfortable, the garments can be obtained ready-to-wear or made to measure

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

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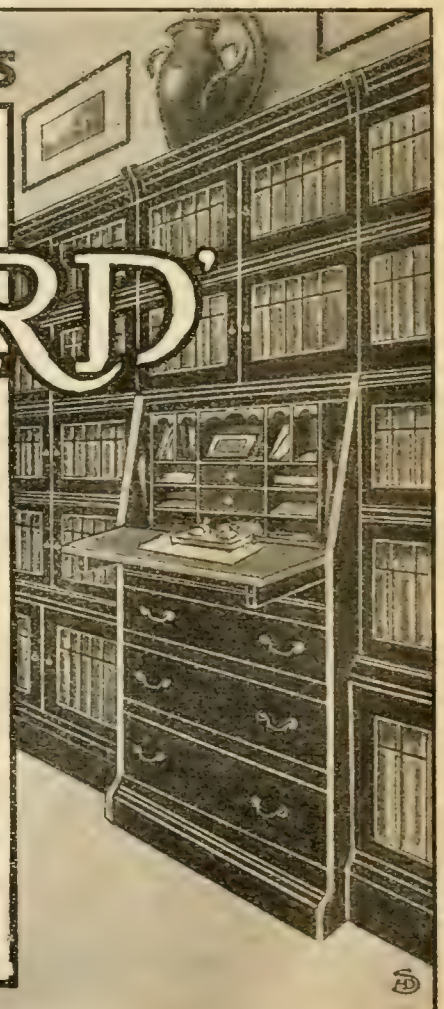

AS EXHIBITED AT "IDEAL HOMES" (Olympia, London) & OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

The general type of Sectional Bookcase proves itself a nuisance to the purchaser, consisting as it does of a large number of pieces of wood of various sizes which have to be sorted and connected together by metal fittings and other contrivances. The only ideal make is the "OXFORD," each section of which is a perfectly constructed piece of furniture. This Bookcase is splendidly finished, with nothing of the office stamp about it and is made in many varieties.

CAUTION:—Do not be misled by imitations, *similar in name and outward appearance*, but quite differently constructed, of inferior finish, and more expensive.

Write for the free booklet, which may be obtained from the sole inventors and manufacturers,

WILLIAM BAKER & Co., OXFORD.

Established over 100 years.

[*Facing first matter.*

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1916

A Song

By Arthur Symons

SOMETIMES we meet each other by the way,
  She passes with a bow,
She passes smiling, and I say: My God,
  What, she can laugh then, now?

Quick to my lip there comes another smile,
  Masking a sorry brow;
And then I think: But what if she, too, laughs,
  As I am laughing now?

On Bowness Moss

By John Helston

At sunset's height, when most the deeps of men
Are moved, and send up from their silences
Thoughts that, as height and depth, are made akin,
I stood where time upon the peat-land is
Like some dark thing, snared, dead within a gin,
Stark-sinewed as the tombless centuries.

And bog-myrtles and rose-bays all around
Were wistfuller than flowers are that rise
In churchyards old, by tears made holy ground.

A blore of wind: anigh, rock whitebeam trees
Were of a sudden shaken bright and loud:
There came a sound of curlews in the skies:
And a strong sighing shook the blaes and heath:
While Skiddaw crept from earth into a cloud.

A voice in requiems for that day's death
Spoke in my ears, so I could understand,
How that long shadow on Northumberland
Laid on men's hearts its silence from afar;
Till Solway's every lead and sand and scar,
And the day's end across the moss and flow,
By men should be forgotten, and no more;
And none should mark, upon the Scottish shore,
Criffel's grey head crowned in the afterglow
With fire—as might the Roman, long ago,
Watching upon Birdoswald and the Wall.

There on the waste, through that slow evenfall,
I learnt how distance, making all things mute,
Has yet man's heart to hearken to her suit
Through the long wistfulness of time and space.
The camp fires once again on Burnies' Wark
Shone out for me. . . . When there was come the dark,
I lost the light by Annan waterfoot—
It put so much of tears into my face.

In No Man's Land

By E. A. Mackintosh

The hedge on the left and the trench on the right
And the whispering, rustling wood between,
And who knows where in the wood to-night
Death or capture may lurk unseen?
The open field and the figures lying
Under the shade of the apple-trees—
Is it the wind in the bushes sighing,
Or a German trying to stop a sneeze?

Louder the voices of night come thronging,
But over them all the sound rings clear,
Taking me back to the place of my longing
And the cultured sneezes I used to hear,
Lecture-time and my tutor's "handker"
Stopping his period's rounded close,
Like the frozen hand of the German ranker
Down in a ditch with a cold in his nose.

I'm cold, too, and a stealthy snuffle
From the man with a pistol covering me,
And the Bosche moving off with a snap and a shuffle
Break the windows of memory.
I can't make sure till the moon gets brighter—
Anyway, shooting is overbold—
Oh, damn you, get back to your trench, you blighter,
I really can't shoot a man with a cold.

God's Crucible

By Trevor Allen

When we two lie in rapt communion,
And night benignant clusters close above,
Bestowing through the hours a benison
Of secrecy upon our mingled love;

So still, so close, so intimately blest,
That soul strives unto soul through every limb,
And I can hear, beneath your rhythmic breast,
The bosom's chant, the heart's delirious hymn;

So still, so tense, in such devout embrace,
Until the sacred vintage of the soul
Glows in your eyes, suffuses all your face,
And, mouth to mouth, I drink the sweetness whole;

Surely, when thus we love, adore, beseech . . .
Our Self, our Being, is dissolved like dew
In God's divinest crucible, and each
To the other's cherished image shaped anew.

A Raison d'Être

By Grant Watson

The brothers Woodhouse had lived in the Kimberley district for two years. Horace, the elder, a man of eight-and-twenty, had taken up a claim on the gold-fields; this he had worked for some months, and when the gold had petered out he found that he had fallen beneath the spell of the bush, and that there was nothing for him but to go prospecting for another find. Louis, the younger of the two, had been working on a farm, and now had just been appointed boss of a small station on the Ashburton River.

Louis was twenty-five, a clean-limbed, capable young Australian, with his head well set on his shoulders, popular with his comrades, and thought likely to succeed.

On Dangara, the station to which he was appointed, there were two white men and a tribe of natives. He was well accustomed to handling the rougher sorts of both races. On the day of his arrival he took a walk through the native camp. After the dogs, furious at the sight of a stranger, had been driven back, he sat down by one of the fires and talked to the elder men.

The camp was very similar to many others that he had seen; men and women, naked save for a waist-cloth, crouched over fires; dogs and babies in abundance, and here and there girls with large brown eyes, matted hair and white, even teeth, who watched every movement that he made. Twice during his conversation with the natives he noticed a young girl who sat on the opposite side of the fire, looking at him intently, and, as he thought, with a gleam of interest; but when he met her eyes she carelessly looked away and talked with the woman next to her as if she were not conscious of his existence.

After he had sat talking for some minutes, he distributed sticks of tobacco to establish friendly feeling, and then went to another group, and so through the whole camp.

That evening, after his meal, he sat on the verandah of his house, watching the half-light fade away between the tree-stems. The huge tree-trunks shot upwards to spread into fantastic fan-shaped branches that met and interlaced. Through the gaps in the thick matting of leaves he could see here and there a star twinkling. This was his first evening in authority, his first evening as master of his own house, and he was glad to feel all the sweet sensations that it had to offer. His thoughts drifted away into the bush and there lost and refound themselves among its distant silences. The half light became fainter. When it was almost dark, he suddenly became aware of a figure that had silently approached and was now standing in front of him on the verandah. It was the figure of a woman, and he recognised the girl who had looked so keenly at him across the fire.

She came to within about three paces, and then stood looking at the ground at her feet.

He was accustomed to natives standing thus silently when they had any request to make.

He wondered what she wanted, but was not much interested, and would rather have been left to his own thoughts.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

For a moment she did not answer, then raised her eyes and looked at him. "I want em pickerninny."

"I not got any pickerninny," he laughed. Then her meaning flashed on him.

"You give me pickerninny," she said.

He laughed again and was silent. He was not at all sure he liked being wooed in so courageous a manner. He hadn't looked at the girl yet; he didn't rightly know what she was like. In the dim light he could see that she was young, and his recollection of her face was pleasant; still, he was embarrassed. He had a theory that it was a man's business to make such propositions. The girl watched his face anxiously.

"No, I not want any pickerninny," he said, looking up and pushing back his chair.

There was silence again between them, broken only by the scuttling of a wallaby that had ventured up on to the verandah and then had become frightened, and now

hesitated whether to jump over the edge into the darkness or else find again the steps. The girl made a petulant movement towards it and the scuttling ceased. Then she turned to the man, declaring in a voice deliberate in spite of its emotion.

"I not ask any money. I want only pickerninny. I not stay long time. By and by I go away plenty long time in bush." Then with a low sob she suddenly collapsed in a heap at his feet. Slowly she crawled forward till she felt his boot; then laid her face against it. Woodhouse felt that he was trembling. She had touched and stirred him. He could hear her deep breathing and the little catching sobs that she strove to keep back. He stretched forward with a hand till he reached her hair. "What for you want pickerninny?" he asked in a voice none too steady.

She gave no answer but a sob.

He rose and stood upright. "Let go my boot, do you hear?"

By force he had to unclasp her fingers. Then he bent over her, picked her up in his arms, and carried her into the house.

Illigara, the black girl, lived with Woodhouse for four months; then, as suddenly as she had come, she left him. She left one night without any warning, and he never saw her again, for a few days later he was thrown from his horse and killed. Illigara went away by herself into the bush, and there at the end of her time gave birth to a girl-child. For nine months she nursed her picaninny; then she went back to her tribe and gave the child to another woman. She had not wanted a girl, she wanted a boy.

It was not till she rejoined her tribe that she heard of Woodhouse's death. For three nights she went apart by herself and mourned, then she remembered that he had sometimes spoken to her of a brother who was working on the gold-fields to the South. She knew his name and she knew the name of the place, but she had no idea of the distance and only a vague idea as to direction.

She started off on her quest and walked southwards.

* * * * * *

A hungry granite country stretched far and flat to the horizon. Slightly raised from the plain and running across it was a line of grey schist, marked by the stunted gum

trees that grew along its edge. The flat plain was red with decayed granite, and here and there in the powdery soil grew gnarled acacia bushes.

Under one of the twisted gum-trees three men were camped. Their billy was boiling to make the evening tea. They were burnt brown from exposure and powdered with the red dust, and in their eyes they had the keen look of searchers in wild and dangerous places. One of the men was breaking up rock in a dolly and the others looked on eagerly. They heard the snapping of a twig behind them and turned suspiciously. They were surprised to see a young black ginn standing not more than twenty feet away. They regarded her in astonishment. "What the devil are you doing here?"

For thirty seconds she stared at them, then walked towards Woodhouse and addressed him: "You Mr. Woodhouse, I think?"

"Well, and who are you, and where do you spring from?"

She had to concentrate all her forces on the man she had come for. The other men stared at her in amazement.

"You brother of Mr. Woodhouse. I live along of him. He give me pickerninny. Him dead fellow."

"Oh! Is that it?" said Woodhouse, the perplexity vanishing from his face. "But do you mean to say you followed me all this way and dogged me down? Well, how much do you want? I can't pay high for all my brother's little fads."

She answered quickly. "I not want money. I want pickerninny. Your bróther give me girl-pickerninny. I want boy-pickerninny."

The other two men exploded in a laugh. "Go on, Horace," said one, "do your duty."

Woodhouse looked perplexed and annoyed, then whimsically he turned to his comrades with a smile: "Isn't there something about a deceased's brother's wife?"

The woman, who could not understand their talk, stood by anxious. Her eyes were fixed on Woodhouse as she addressed him eagerly. "You give me pickerninny. I not want money. I be your woman, plenty useful woman. By and by I go away plenty long time in bush."

Woodhouse was astonished. He had had a fairly large

experience of native women, but he recognised this as something out of the common. The girl regarded him with serious intensity. Then urgently: "You not be afraid. I not want money."

Woodhouse sucked at his pipe. He was serious when he addressed his next question. "How long you come look after me all this way?"

"Oh! Plenty days, master. Plenty, plenty!"

The three men were all interested now, and listening keenly.

"What's your name?"

"Illigara."

"What country you come from?"

"Country along o' Ashburton River."

"You come all that way?"

The girl nodded. Woodhouse looked at his two companions, but they neither of them made any comment. It was an affair very personally his own. He turned to the girl, who stood questioning and anxious. "Come here, Illigara; sit down and have some tucker. You tired, hungry fellow?"

She came a step towards him and waited irresolute, not sure that she had gained her point. He took his pipe from his mouth and handed it to her. With a smile she placed it between her own teeth; then she sat down with an air of quiet assurance. Woodhouse turned consciously to his companions. "Have either of you anything to say against this Illigara joining our party?"

They laughed with a touch of awkwardness. "She deserves all she can get. It's not many girls who walk as far to their weddings. We'll open a bottle of whisky in her honour."

* * * * * *

For more than a year Illigara followed the wanderings of Horace Woodhouse. She worked willingly for him and learned to use dolly and washing-pan, her keen sight often catching the smallest colour of gold. Sometimes Woodhouse gave her money, but this she never asked for. But what she had demanded she did not get, for she had no child. Then one day the party happened to stop at a wayside store kept by a cousin of Woodhouse's, an elderly man who had spent most of his life in the wild places of the bush.

The girl at once seemed to recognise in him the family characteristic that she so strangely was in search of.

In the evening she asked Woodhouse questions: "Which one that man? Him brother long o' you?"

"No, he's my cousin."

"Which one cousin? What you call cousin?"

"Sort of half-brother," said Woodhouse, and looked suspiciously at the girl. For a moment he thought that she might leave him; then he dismissed the idea, for his cousin Henry was a plain fellow, unwashed and elderly, and Illigara was only eighteen. Illigara sat in silence and asked no other questions, but seemed occupied with her thoughts.

After they had gone four days' march farther on their journey, Illigara disappeared. She went silently in the night. Woodhouse was annoyed to find her gone; but realised that he had no claim. Besides, it was absurd to go back four days' journey after a black ginn.

When Illigara got to the store it was empty. She sat down to wait the return of the owner. At midday she saw him in the distance on his horse. She hid behind the store till he had dismounted. Then she walked up to him. "You give me tucker, I come live along o' you. You give me pickerninny. That one your brother, him no good."

"Well, you're a cool one!" laughed the man.

"I come. I work plenty hard. I stay along o' you long time."

"Is it tucker?" laughed the man; "you hungry fellow?"

The girl nodded. "You give me pickerninny."

"All right, don't you fret about that," and the bushman felt in his pocket for the key of the house, and they went in together.

* * * * * *

Illigara has lived several years at the bush-store. She has three children, two boys and a girl, and should any one happen to notice old Henry's black ginn they may see by the look of contentment on her face that she has not lived in vain.

An Easter Party

By A. Kuprin

Translated from the Russian by JOHN D'AUVERGNE.

IT was . . . well, it seems to me now like three hundred years ago. So much has happened; so many events, faces, towns, successes, failures, joys, and griefs, lie between then and now.

At that time I was living in Kieff, just at the beginning of the Podol beneath the Alexandrovsky Hill, in furnished rooms called "The Dneiper Docks." These were kept by a former river-boat's cook, who had been dismissed for drink, and his wife, Anna Petrovna, a real genius for robbery, malice, and greed.

Of the regular residents there were six of us—all single and alone in the world. In No. 1 lived the oldest *habitué* of the house. Once upon a time he had been a merchant and had kept a corset shop. Then the card fiend had caught him in her train, and he had played away his whole subsistence. After that he had found employment as a clerk, but his passion for gambling had again brought him to grief. Now he lived God knows what senseless nightmare of a life. He slept all day, and late at night he would slouch off to one of the low gambling dens, of which there are many at all the big river-ports on the Dnieper. Like all players who play for the sheer love of gambling, he was generous, broad-minded, and of course a fatalist.

The engineer Butkovsky lived in No. 3. To believe his own words, he had finished the School of Forestry, the School of Mines, and goodness knows what other technical institutions, not counting the higher schools abroad. And indeed, from the point of view of an all-embracing knowledge he was like a stuffed sausage, or rather, perhaps, like a trunk which has been packed full with every possible kind and size of garment, and then, after a tremendous struggle, closed and locked, but from which, when it is

opened again, everything falls out topsy-turvy. He could speak freely and without any prompting about harbour piloting, aviation, botany, statistics, forestry, politics, prehistoric brontosaurus, astronomy, military science, harmony and dominants, town-planning, poultry-rearing, levelling, and sanitation.

Regularly once a month he drank himself drunk for three days, during which he spoke nothing but French and wrote little requests for money in the same language to his former engineering colleagues. Then for five days he crawled under a great blue-check English plaid and sweated the drink out. This was all he did, unless I except his letters to the newspapers, which he sent off right and left on the slightest excuse: on the necessity of draining the marshlands; on the discovery of some new star; on the opening of new artesian wells.

Whenever he had any money he used to hide it away between the pages of books which stood on his shelf, and then keep it there for a surprise.

I remember how he used to say (he had a burr, too, in his speech):—

"My friend, take down the fourth volume of *Elisée Reclus* from the shelf, and somewhere between pages three hundred and four hundred you will find the five roubles I owe you."

In personal appearance he was quite bald, with a white beard and a fringe of grey whiskers spread out like a fan.

I myself lived in No. 8. In No. 7 there was a student with a heavy, clean-shaven face—an over-pious stammerer who has since achieved great fame as a Crown counsel.

In No. 6 was a German called Karl, a P.W.D. engineer, and in character a real, fleshy Teuton with a rapacious thirst for beer. No. 5 was occupied by Zoe, a prostitute, whom the mistress of the house liked better than all the rest of us put together. First, she paid more for her room than we did; secondly, she always paid in advance; and, thirdly, she was never rowdy or disorderly, as she only brought home (and that was very seldom) the best kind of guests, quiet and elderly men, and for the most part she spent the night in other hotels.

I ought to add that in one way we were acquaintances and in another way not. We borrowed from one another

tea, needles and thread, boiling water, newspapers, ink, pen, and paper. In this our refuge there were altogether nine rooms. The other three rooms were let by the night or temporarily to chance couples. We never complained. We were used and hardened to anything.

* * * * * *

Spring had come—the warm, soft spring of the South. The ice had gone down the Dnieper, and the river was flowing so strongly that as far as the eye could see it had overflowed the low-lying Cherniegoff bank. The nights had set in dark and warm, broken now and then by sharp, short showers. Where yesterday the buds on the trees were scarcely green, in the morning one awoke to find that they had suddenly blossomed into the first tender leaves.

Then came Easter with its great night of beauty and gladness. I had no friends to whom to go to celebrate the end of the fast, and so I just wandered round the town by myself, going from church to church, looking at the processions and the illuminations, listening to the carolling of the bells and the beautiful singing, and admiring the sweet faces of the women and children lit up by the warm light of the candles. There was a sort of intoxicating sadness in my heart, something very peaceful and soothing that brought a quiet, painless regret for all the lost purity and simplicity of my childhood days.

When I returned to my room I was met by Vaska, our corridor servant, a sly rogue with a large heart. I gave him the Easter kiss. Then, smiling from ear to ear and showing his great teeth to the gums, he said :

"The lady from No. 5 says you're to go to her."

I was a little astonished. I was not acquainted with the lady from No. 5.

"She's sent you a note," Vaska explained. "It's lying on your table."

I took the square-ruled sheet, which had been torn from an account-book, and under the printed heading of "Profits" I read the following :—

"Dear No. 8,

"If you are free and not too Squeemish do come up to my Room to Celebreit the Easter festival.

"Yours truly,

"Zoe Kramarenkov."

I went across to the engineer to take his advice. I found him standing before the mirror and struggling desperately with all ten fingers to bring some order into his unruly whiskers. He had on a glossy coat, in which you could see yourself, and he had put on a white tie round his well-worn, edge-stained collar.

It appeared that he, too, had received an invitation, and so we went off together.

Zoe met us at the door, begged our pardon, and blushed. She had the ordinary typical face of the ordinary Russian rouble prostitute: soft, kind, irresolute lips, a nose rather like a potato, and great eyebrow-less eyes that seemed to stare at you from all sides. But when she smiled—that gentle, homely, absolutely artless smile of hers, so modest, so quiet, and so womanly—her whole face changed, and she became really charming.

The gambler and the P.W.D. man, Karl, were already seated. And so, with the exception of the student, all the regular frequenters of the "Dnieper Docks" were gathered round Zoe's board.

Her room was just as I should have expected it. On the chest-of-drawers were empty chocolate-boxes, paste-board pictures, face-powder, and curling-tongs. The walls, too, were covered with photographs of clean-shaven, curly-haired chemists, haughty actors in profile, and threatening subalterns with drawn sabre. On the bed there was a regular mountain of pillows covered with an embroidered counterpane, while the table, covered with paper cut out to resemble a lace cloth, looked resplendent under its load of Paschal cake, kulitch, eggs, a whole ham, and two bottles of some unknown wine.

We all gave her the Easter kiss, cheek to cheek, politely and in the proper manner, and then sat down to table. I must say we were an extraordinary party: four men wholly wrecked and battered by their failure in life, four old wasters whose aggregate age was certainly well over two hundred years, while the fifth member of the party, our hostess, was a Russian prostitute, that is to say, the most unfortunate, the most foolish, the most naïve, the weakest, and the kindest being in the whole universe.

How kind she was in her own clumsy way; how shy in

her hospitality; how friendly and charming in her simplicity!

"Take this," she said coaxingly, handing one of us a plate. "Take this and eat. No. 6, I know you prefer beer. Vaska told me. There—you'll find it beside you under the table. And for you other gentlemen there's wine. It's very good wine, too—Teneriffe. A friend of mine, a ship's captain, always drinks it."

We four, who knew life inside-out, had no doubts as to where the money came from for this Easter feast with its beer and "Teneriffe." But the knowledge in no way depressed us.

Zoe told us about her Easter-night impressions. At Bratstvo, where she had heard matins, there had been a dreadful crush, but she had managed, nevertheless, to secure a good place. The choir of the Theological Academy had sung wonderfully, and the students themselves had read the Gospel, and had read it in turn, too, in every language in the world: in French, in German, in Greek, and even in Arabic. And then, when they had gone to see the blessing of the Paschal cake, there had been such a bustling and hustling that the pilgrims had got their cakes and loaves all mixed up, and began to quarrel.

Then suddenly Zoe became very thoughtful, and with a little sigh began half-dreamingly to tell us how she used to spend Easter week in her village.

"We used to gather little flowers called 'dream-flowers.' You know, those little blue ones that come up first after winter. We used to make a dye out of them and paint the eggs with it. It gave a splendid blue colour.

"To get a yellow colour we used to boil onion-skins and rub the eggs with them. Besides that, we painted them all sorts of other colours. And then for a whole week we went about the village and played at cracking eggs, first with the pointed end, then with the other, and the winner kept all the eggs he cracked. There was one lad who had found a stone egg somewhere in town, and he smashed up everyone. But when we found out what the trick was, we took all his eggs and gave him a thrashing.

"And all through Easter week there were swings. In the centre of the village there were great big ones for the

general public, and then, too, between each gateway there were the small ones—just a board and a pair of ropes. And all through the week we boys and girls swung and sang 'Christos voskrese' (Christ is risen). How fine it all was."

We listened to her in silence. Life had battered and buffeted us so long and so fiercely that it seemed to have driven for ever out of our minds all remembrance of childhood, home, mother, and former Easters.

In the meantime the calico curtain over the window had grown faintly blue with the first cold light of dawn. Then it darkened again, changed to a dingy yellow, and finally lit up with the rich red rose of the rising sun.

"If you don't mind, I'll open the window," said Zoe.

She drew back the curtain and pushed back the window. We all came over beside her. It was a lovely, festal morning, so pure and so fresh that it seemed as if someone had come in the night and with untiring hands had cleansed and purified everything, even the blue sky with its fleecy white clouds and the tall, stately poplars with their young trembling leaves. Before us rolled the Dnieper, blue and terrible near its banks, and yet at a distance, so calm, majestic, and silvery. And from all the belfries in the town came the glad pealing of the chimes.

Then suddenly, in spite of ourselves, we all turned away. The engineer was in tears. Holding on to the handle of the window and leaning his brow on it, he cried until his whole body shook and trembled from his sobs. God knows what was happening in the poor, broken, wounded heart of this old wastrel. I only knew about his past life from the stray hints he himself had dropped: his marriage with an unworthy woman, the spending of Government money, his attempt to shoot his wife's lover, his grief at the loss of his children who had gone with their mother.

. . . .

Zoe's sigh was full of compassion. She went up to him, put her arms round him, and laid his old grey head, with its ruddy bald pate, upon her breast. Then gently and soothingly she began to stroke his cheek.

"You poor old thing, you poor dear," she cooed to him. "I know how hard it is for you. You're all like stray dogs—all old and alone in the world. Never mind, bear up. God

will help you. All grief will pass. Everything will come right again. Ah—you poor, poor man!"

With a great effort the engineer controlled himself. His eyelids were quivering, his eyes were red, and his nose was blue and swollen.

"Damn my accur-rsed ner-rves. Damn!" he said angrily.

But from his voice I knew that in his throat, in his mouth, in his nose, the bitter, unshed tears were still lurking.

Five minutes later we took our leave, each of us reverently kissing Zoe's hand. The engineer and I were the last to go, and on the very threshold of Zoe's room we ran into the student who had just come back from a merry evening with his friends.

"Ha-ha," he stammered with a stupid grin, and, as he spoke, he raised his eyebrows significantly.

"Tha-at's where you've been, eh? H-m, h-m, so that's the wa-ay you br-ring in Easter, is it?"

There was no mistaking the cruel, biting scorn in his voice.

Slowly, magnificently, the engineer gave him a look that took him in from the sole of his boots to the peak of his cap.

Then after a long pause he hissed into his ear in a tone of withering contempt:

"You scum!"

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

In these days, when normal musical life has given way to an intermittent, spasmodic interest, it is easier to single out isolated impressions than to give a survey of the month's happenings. Looking back over the past four weeks I find that two such impressions stand out with sufficient prominence to call for comment : a Holbrooke concert and a French book. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke is a unique figure in contemporary music. Little that he has written seems destined to outlive his personal energy in obtaining performances, but were he to be suddenly removed he would leave an appreciable gap. His Cockney exuberance is combined with a half-humorous, half-pugnacious determination to make somebody "sit up." That the works in which he takes himself most seriously have a precisely opposite effect is a serious impediment to his popularity, but not at all out of keeping with the curious blend of qualities and defects he displays. Had he seen himself conjuring a trilogy out of a saucepan, his operas would possibly have been alive, but he elected to picture himself evoking the tragic muse from a magic cauldron, and they were practically stillborn.

If his new work—a string quartet inspired by the "Pickwick Papers"—were to be taken seriously, it would be a rank absurdity, but I am convinced such is not his intention. The book has impressed him as a huge joke, and impels him to make one as huge in music. That the two in nowise correspond does not matter. The music may reflect a personal impression of Pickwick differing from that of most people, or its inappositeness may be part of the joke. Perhaps Mr. Holbrooke himself cannot tell.

Regarded as musical fare for the listener's appetite it corresponds approximately to the meal one would obtain if one were provided with an assortment of small coins and taken blindfolded to an automatic restaurant. Little

snatches of popular tune turn up here and there without rhyme or reason. At present only two movements are available for performance, and these are quite long enough, so that the apparently irrelevant quotation of "We won't go home till morning" may yet acquire a tragic significance when the work is performed in the complete version. It is more difficult to account for "The Banks of Allan Water." As Mr. Arthur Machen points out in his excellent "Hieroglyphics," the basis of Pickwick is brandy-and-water. "Scotch" did not become the fashion until much later.

There are numerous similar citations, many of them wild anachronisms, and a few vulgarised in the setting. If my conception of Mr. Holbrooke's intentions is correct, this is no reproach. One might as well blame Mr. W. W. Jacobs or Mr. Pett Ridge for an "h" dropped by one of their characters. But I do grumble at the context. Those distinguished authors do not write the narrative part of their stories in Cockney dialect. There, in a nutshell, is the trouble with most of Mr. Holbrooke's music. It is as ungrammatical, as unpolished as his own literary pronouncements. There is no reason for this. His ideas could only gain by being presented with more regard for artistic taste. But. no. To the end of the chapter Mr. Holbrooke will say musically: "You was," and the only set-off we have is that if he did not, he would not be Mr. Holbrooke, but some other person of the same name. On the whole I fancy we are better off with him as he is. He has not fulfilled all that was prophesied for him—by myself among others—fifteen or sixteen years ago after hearing his variations on "Three Blind Mice," but he has sprayed a certain pungency into our concert-rooms from time to time, when their atmosphere was getting stuffy.

The book that has impressed me is "La Musique Française d'Aujourd'hui," by a young critic and lecturer, G. Jean-Aubry. The greater part consists of a reprint of essays, many of which were already familiar to me, but it happens very seldom that stray contributions to various journals piece themselves so well together into a book. Except for certain references which supply dates to the pages on which they occur the volume might have been planned at the outbreak of war, so consistent is the view

it presents. As M. Gabriel Fauré remarks in a considered preface, the opinions are not all beyond discussion, but many of them, and the questions to which they relate, are so manifestly applicable to the problem that confronts British music, that a perusal of them would be profitable even to those who prefer to hold aloof from the French movement. In an introductory paper on the current music of France and Germany the case for the former is stated with commendable discretion—more mildly than I should have stated it myself, for I have apparently held longer than the author that the German tradition began to decline as German materialism gained the ascendant.

The pleasure that the book has given me is seasoned with a twofold envy. When will our own musical renascence have reached the stage described in these pages—a stage which the author, in turn, describes as no more than a bright dawn? And when will our musical criticism be permitted to approach its task in this spirit? At present its main currents are either academic or rankly opportunist and rarely well documented. The only point of view that finds clear expression is that of the schoolmaster. The wider horizon which places a score of divergent movements in their true perspective is lacking, chiefly because music itself is constantly undervalued. Has it not been a tradition in newspaper offices that the musical critic is the fool of the journalistic family? Only in the rarest instances is he permitted to develop his subject along consistent lines, and even then I doubt his reception were he to send in such finely-chiselled prose as this of M. Jean-Aubry. The cult of verbiage is so deep-rooted that those of us who know better are often forced, for mere self-preservation, to indulge it. The elegancies "don't pay."

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Ireland

By "Civis"

We have talked a good deal of German disintegration, and speculation has repeatedly dwelt upon the German Particularism, which, it was fondly hoped, would set in to impair and finally break up the unity of German arms and so detach Prussia from the Empire. Yet so far none of these things has happened. Rather does the cap of Particularism fit us; instead of schism, Central Europe has materialised, consolidated with the recent German-Turkish Treaty of Alliance, and nowhere in the Germanic Empire have there been the smallest Particularist tendencies, and in no wise is there the smallest reason to believe that, as yet, the Teutons are disposed to reconsider the wisdom of Pan-German hegemony under the military sceptre of the King of Prussia.

The schism has, in fact, appeared in the British camp —there, in the historic plague-spot of our political life; nor can any man pretend to much surprise that it is in Ireland that treason has threatened, rather than in Bavaria or Bohemia, or Saxony or Austria, or even Hungary.

The Sinn Féin movement, no doubt, was a footling affair from the military point of view, doomed from the outset to failure. But to regard it merely from that aspect would be a grave mistake. It is not what it achieved that matters; its real significance lies in the possibility of such an outbreak in the twentieth month of the bloodiest war in history, when Great Britain is fighting for her very existence and her whole Imperial future. That is what we have to consider. It shows that there are men in Ireland ready to aid and abet the enemy by force of arms. It shows that such is the hatred of association with England that Irishmen can be got to stab her in the back in the hour of her greatest peril. It shows that Ireland is still the problem of this country, and that the problem is actual and not

dormant, as the Government would fain have led us to believe.

It is not my purpose to touch on the rising or its origins. The question which seems to me to be of all importance to us is, as I said before, its possibility and the consequences.

Here we must go back, and here it behoves men to face the facts without fear or what is known as political expediency. For the expediency has failed, it is no use denying that. Yet more. This very expediency has been the nursery of the trouble, and if any good is to emerge from it this is the lesson we must learn and turn to account. If a school is laxly run there will, as all schoolmasters know, be grave misdemeanours. If men or boys are allowed to play with firearms, one day the weapons will "go off." If children are allowed to play with matches, no man need be surprised if the house is set alight. Now, this has been the position in Ireland ever since the *ante-bellum* Home Rule controversy.

At the head of Ireland Mr. Asquith appointed a mild scholar, chiefly distinguished as a writer of elegant trifles. This is the Asquith system, which consists in compromise, barter, and non-committal measures in accordance with legal practice. Without a doubt, Mr. Birrell was chosen, not for his administrative qualities, but for the very absence of them, because temperamentally and intellectually he seemed the last man in the world likely to take decisions; in short, the most easy-going, pleasant, and gentle a character to be found for the job of "not interfering," which was the policy of the Asquith Administration.

It would be interesting to know how many days Mr. Birrell spent in Ireland since August, 1914. That he took any steps to hinder the Sinn Féin military parades, etc., we know not to be the fact. The Sinn Féiners were allowed to organise, drill, arm, and march publicly through the streets, just as the Ulstermen were allowed to play at soldiers before the war, and the Nationalists have been allowed to do ditto ever since. In short, Ireland was not governed, it was permitted to drift. Nobody interfered because the policy was to make it no man's business to interfere. What happened over Ireland is precisely what happened over the Germans. The Government was taken

"by surprise." It was nobody's responsibility to know and provide for eventualities. Wait and see has once more ended in inevitable disaster, that is all. For the fiftieth time since the war started the lawyers have proved their incompetency, even as political advisers to the Crown.

The Irish will be Irish, yet not more so than boys will be boys, and in apportioning the blame the least we can do is to admit, at any rate, the plea of provocation. For months past an anti-recruiting agitation has been carried on in Ireland, viewed by the authorities with that complacency which characterises them. In many places it became dangerous even to hold recruiting meetings, and when the Military Act was made law Ireland was excluded, as if Ireland were an independent island unconnected with this country or civilisation.

The Sinn Féiners are mostly boys, hotheads, dreamers, and "excitables." They saw the serene indifference of the Castle—they drew the obvious inference. They knew that Mr. Birrell would do nothing and was not supposed to do anything. They saw that so greatly was the Home Government under the heel of the Irish Party that it "funked" applying the Military Act to Ireland; funked stopping the sedition preached openly throughout the island; funked even attempting to replenish the devastated Irish regiments at the Front with Irishmen, choosing rather to fill up the gaps with Englishmen than appeal to the nobility and good sense of the Irish people.

Thousands of men in Ireland foresaw the inevitable result of this weakness. It was the common talk for months past, and even in England men spoke of the trouble brewing and the "curious" state of Ireland that rumour reported on so knowingly and insistently. We may say this: the Sinn Féin rising would never have taken place, and could not have taken place, had there been any intelligent government in Ireland; and that, *per contra*, the Sinn Féin rising is the natural fruit of the want of government, the blame for which lies not with Mr. Birrell, who never pretended to be an administrator or statesman, but with Mr. Asquith who nominated him. Nominated him as the most likely man to let things slide in accordance with his system and policy.

The tragedy of Ireland is always fraught with comedy,

and so we have the paradox of Irishmen being shot for rebellion by Mr. Asquith's Home Rule Government, while Sir Edward Carson pleads for generous treatment. And while rebels are shot, Englishmen are conscripted to fill up Irish regiments, and even as the Nationalists condemn Sinn Féin they again persuade, or force, Mr. Asquith to continue the exclusion of the Military Act, thereby depriving him of the one chance he has to put an end to the political soldier-mongering which divides Ireland into two hostile camps, and so perpetuate the very conditions which led to the rebellion and all the evils of political or ineffective government.

It is here that the truth must be spoken. What is, then, the truth?

The truth is the lesson of the war, and it is this. If nothing else, the war has shown us the absolute necessity of a national *strategic* policy both now and in the future. And what we to-day realise only too vividly is that *Ireland can never be regarded as outside the strategic zone of British and Imperial interest.* All idea of absolute Home Rule has become a chimera. Ireland must henceforth be regarded as an essential military part of British defence, integral of our single strategic requirements. I do not say that this truth precludes the possibility of some form of autonomy, perhaps dividing the island into two separate administrative counties, but its revelation must now dictate all future British policy. That is to say, in the military sense Ireland cannot be detached from England. Strategically, Ireland is as indispensable to our defence as Heligoland is to Germany. Whatever political rearrangements are made in Ireland, this strategic consideration must be the determining factor; and Sinn Féin has provided us with a lesson that can never again be forgotten.

It is no good disguising this fact. The Home Rule controversy cannot now be revived in its old form. We shall never again be able to leave our shores *unfortified*, to regard these Islands as immune from invasion, to trust solely on the Navy. New weapons have appeared. From the air and from under the seas they have come, and they have shown that we are no longer an absolute Island. These new military considerations will obtain no matter how the war may end, and every year will add to their

gravity. In this connection Ireland plays an indispensable part. Her defence, her ports, her railways, her naval and military bases must be under British control. Never again can we allow oil reservoirs for the enemy to be established on her coasts. We have only to think for a moment what would have happened if the Germans had been able to land 50,000 men from submarine transports to join in the Sinn Féin rising to realise the strategic importance of Ireland in any future war to this country. We have only to use our imagination for five minutes to see that Ireland cannot be allowed to become administratively detached from England, free, that is, to assume neutrality in time of war should it so please her, as is largely her sad position to-day. The war has knocked down many of our illusions and idols, not the least of which is the idea of an independent Ireland.

Now, this is not politics, it is simply the lesson of the war. The moment the war is over the entire question of our military defence will have to be reconsidered from totally new angles, in accordance with the teachings of this war and the new weapons which threaten us. Only a madman will dispute that. The whole business of our military organisation and defence will have to be reconstituted. And in this work Ireland cannot possibly be excluded. Ireland has, in fact, ceased to be merely our great political problem, she has become a strategic necessity the importance of which no political arguments can minimise or ever again obfuscate.

It is this consideration, this truth, which should guide us to-day. There are many Irishmen who see it clearly, men who are staunch Home Rulers. Yet once more politics have played their poisonous part. Again Mr. Asquith has been overruled by—fear. The Military Act is not to be applied to Ireland. Expediency, which means weakness, has gained the upper hand in the face of what has occurred, and the Irish are to be left to their fate. It is an ominous deed. I go further, and say that it is a fatal decision, because it has left things as they were with all the additional sores and memories of the recent rebellion. As Sinn Féin failed, so Mr. Asquith has failed again, as we shall see now soon enough.

Those who imagine that the evils of Sinn Féinism have

been eradicated are doomed to disappointment. The scars will show. The Irish question has again been raised into a fighting actuality. Will any decent man deny that the Sinn Féiner who died for his ideal, however misguided, is not a better man, as a man, than the "conscientious objector," or the striker, or the "ca' canny" worker who has so lamed the soldiers from behind the front, or the shirker, or the agitator on Glasgow Green or Hampstead Heath who seeks to betray France and our Imperial interests to the Germans? That is how many men in Ireland will come to look on the matter. And the thought will not make for quiet. It will not help Ireland, or the Government, or help us to win the war. Nor will the necessary executions of the rebel leaders serve to lighten the task which to-day again faces the Government in Ireland as the result of their criminal carelessness, weakness, and irresponsibility.

We have got to face these things. Once more we see the Government yielding to the irresponsible Government of Irish Nationalism, which really dictates to Mr. Asquith on the basis of a qualified loyalty, since on no other ground can the exclusion of Ireland at this juncture be either explained or justified. It is not a hopeful sign. In the light of fact, it is not even good politics. This qualified loyalty is precisely the condition that England can never henceforth tolerate, as Mr. Asquith must surely know. Now and in the future Ireland will remain a strategic question, overruling all political considerations. To show fear now is to cut away the ground from all realisation of statesmanship and to lose a golden opportunity.

Weakness has brought about its logical Nemesis, and Mr. Asquith has had to shoot. Is this not object-lesson sufficient? Is it possible he does not to-day realise that things will not now be as they were; that, indeed, as things are drifting, Ireland is rapidly sliding into irreconcilable divisions, forfeiting her own self-respect, heading, not to unity, but to bitter internecine animosities?

I fear Mr. Redmond also cannot find the heart to avow this. When he maintains with irresponsible Governmental complacency that Irish recruiting has "exceeded everybody's expectation," he talks with a politician's casuistry. Will he maintain that there are more than 25 per cent.

Catholics in the Tenth Division? We know on the authority of Mr. Asquith that the Sixteenth Division went to the Front minus a brigade. Has he not heard the cry from the trenches of the Irish—"Send us Irishmen!"? The sad truth is that utter treason has been talked in Ireland ever since the war, and we have the fruits of it in the Sinn Féin. And if Mr. Redmond wishes to serve his country the best thing he can do is to admit this.

The continuance of qualified or conditional loyalty must be fatal to Irish interests, and in writing that I think as a Home Ruler. A chastened Home Ruler. A Home Ruler who to-day realises that we can never go back to the old days of happy-go-lucky Britain, splendidly isolated and ludicrously unarmed, unprepared and incredulous, drunk with the Utopianism of our little insular dreams. All that vanished on August 4th, 1914, and with it the very idea of an independent Ireland. The more we shirk facing that truth, the farther away we drift from the solution.

Myself, I still see no reason why Ireland should not be divided into two administrative areas, governed by its own separate Diets; but there can never now be a free Ireland in the national Gaelic sense for essential strategic reasons. Sinn Féin has proved conclusively the necessity of freeing the national Government from Irish dictatorship, and it is the need of the hour. But for the absurd over-representation of the Irish at Westminster, Mr. Asquith would never have been cowed into sending Mr. Birrell to govern Ireland, and there would have been no Sinn Féin rising. And this is one of the first questions we shall have to tackle after the war, and again for essential strategic reasons.

Very largely Mr. Asquith's weakness is due to this Irish tyranny. It is losing us the war. All the time Mr. Asquith has to think what the Irish members may say, nor can we doubt but that the blindness of Mr. Birrell and his subordinates was due chiefly to the advice given him by the Nationalists, who counselled him to shut his eyes. The notion that the Irish members did not know the danger of Sinn Féin is nonsense. Of course they knew. Yet so ingenuous was Mr. Birrell that he actually gave the Sinn Féiners jobs in Government offices, etc., just as here the Government barters with Labour. The whole affair is

utterly discreditable to both Nationalists and the Government, and were it not that in these days we have lost all sense of responsibility, Mr. Asquith and his time-serving Coalition would have been driven ignominiously from office.

For sure, the blood of Sinn Féin is on their heads, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will haunt them and Ireland every day that they remain in power. Sinn Féin is a much bigger thing than they imagine. Unless drastic measures are taken it will live to shoot again.

The question—what now ought to be done? answers itself. There must be an end to all further political soldiering in Ireland, and there must be government, actual government, till the end of the war. Mr. Asquith's weakness has resuscitated the Irish trouble; he must now master it or clear out. That is his only course. Meanwhile, if the Nationalists have a spark of statesmanship in them, they will reconsider their programme in the light of the new circumstances and necessities that have arisen and adapt it accordingly. They can only do that by recognising the just claims of loyalist Protestant Ireland and harmonising the two interests. But since they have again chosen the path of conditional loyalty, which means that Ireland is not to be asked to fight for Great Britain in the crisis of war, they must expect to be treated as outside the pale of the national brotherhood; in plain words, as a potential enemy.

To this pass has Mr. Asquith's weakness brought poor Ireland. There is, however, still hope, and that is that blood may prove thicker than water; in short, that the Irish may find constructive statesmanship in the tragedy that has befallen them. Mr. Dillon's outbreak at Westminster need only be regarded as typically Irish, nor need the barkings of Mr. Ginnell be taken very seriously. Mr. Asquith seems to be alive at last to the disgrace of the position, and if, through the formation of an Irish Control Board or something similar, he can patch up things till the end of the war, he will have accomplished something tangible and statesmanlike. But that won't solve the question. Ireland has come to stay. And whatever form of autonomy be arrived at, *strategically*, England and Ireland are one and must in the future remain one.

The Truth about Bulgaria

By Alfred Stead

That friendship with Bulgaria should be to-day one of the ideals of the British Foreign Office seems almost inconceivable—it is, however, alas, only too true. "An understanding between Serbia and Bulgaria is essential to allied success in the Balkans," that is the idea. It must not be overlooked either that there exists also a desire to prove that those who said that Bulgaria was never going against the Allies were right, and it seems indifferent to these ignorant mandarins whether either a nation's word or an ally's existence be sacrificed so long as they are whitewashed. The more glaring the blunder in the past, the greater the need for saving their *amour propre* of ignorance. Thus there is to-day a very great danger of another blunder being added to the many we have been guilty of in Balkan matters. Our pledges to Serbia are to be ignored, the Bulgarians are to be taken into our arms, rank though they be with the blood of our soldiers and the blood and honour of a nation allied to us. It is a pretty picture, worthy of inclusion in one of those German cinema series showing Germans feeding starving Belgian or Serbian children! It is a national disgrace to think about it; but what of that: What shall it profit the British nation if it keeps its own soul, but gain not Bulgaria? And so real interests and vital obligations are imperilled in order that the rotting, immoral, marauding Bulgarian people may form the corner-stone of our Balkan policy.

We are wonderfully conservative in this country. Bulgaria has been adopted in our ideas as a Gladstonian tradition; the Bulgarians have cleverly builded on this foundation and to-day it is very hard to disabuse the minds even of those in authority of fixed ideas. Before the war a handful of interested nonentities lent themselves to the work of bamboozling British political and public opinion on Bulgarian subjects—the baneful effects still remain, and

as if this were not bad enough these self-advertisers, not yet free from the trammels cunningly cast about them by the astute Ferdinand of Sofia, are actively working for a *rapprochement* with Bulgaria. We believed them before, to our cost, when they said that Bulgaria was with us, although every non-interested and competent authority was convinced that Bulgaria was bound by interest and inclination to the Germans and Austrians. It is probable that, true to fatuous tradition, they are still believed in more quarters than one. They had the effrontery to circularise the members of the British Parliament, after Bulgaria was at war with the country, recking nothing of the damning fact that Bulgarian rifles had fired on British soldiers and that by the list of British casualties in Macedonia a wall of insurmountable impossibility was being built brick by brick against any treating with the traitors. Have they not enough on their consciences—the terrible slaughter of Gallipoli, the heroic struggle of Townshend of Kut, the wiping out of Serbia—is not this enough to satisfy them that they are important political factors, or do they wish more victims before they are glutted? Every person who to-day seriously advocates dealing with Bulgaria is a traitor to the national honour; even Roger Casement had more excuse than they. And the terrible part of it is that when events have proved that Bulgaria cannot be snatched like a brand from the burning these misguided men, led by the Brothers Buxton, descending from their high trapeze of misinforming authority, hope to fall comfortably into the safety-net of honest disinterestedness. And we will probably watch them do it, may even applaud. Let them save themselves, but let those who hold dear the honour of Great Britain save the country from haggling with the Bulgarians, selling the pound of Serbian flesh to gain nobody knows what.

Of course, it must be out of the question to give Macedonia to Bulgaria; the argument that, before the Balkan wars, Serbia was ready to forgo much of this territory and that during the present war, under unjustifiable pressure from her allies, she was ready to hand part of Macedonia to Bulgaria, has nothing to do with the situation to-day. Bulgaria, by joining the camp of our enemies, has forfeited all right to any concessions whatever; she has earned the

right of being wiped off the map. It is doubtful whether we have any more ardent enemies than the Bulgarians in the ranks of our adversaries—the outlaw who has committed the basest of crimes must necessarily fight to the end against the forces of law and order. It palliates nothing that Bulgaria appears more base because of the incredible stupidity and blindness of the Allies before the open declaration of war. Bulgaria has for years been pro-Austrian, and every year has seen the last traces of Russian influence, based on a supposed gratitude of a notoriously ungrateful savage people, grow less and less. Under the rule of Ferdinand the whole tendency of Bulgaria has been towards Austria; the whole of the army and the governing circles, those puppets of the throne, have been Austrianised. The writing was on the wall for all to read, but we preferred to believe the soft words and sweet singing of that wonderful *causeur*, Ferdinand of Coburg, the ruler of Bulgaria.

Ferdinand has never had any sympathies with Russia—always with Austria and Hungary. England he had never forgiven the slights he imagined he received during the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward. The semi-divine beliefs of the German Emperor appealed to him—he considered himself a missionary of German civilisation amongst barbarians. Jesuitism was born in him, and the black fathers from Vienna or Buda-Pest had more sway over this brilliant coward than any other force, save, perhaps, his vices. Surrounded by his sycophants—his Tammany Hall political leaders—fattening on his connivance in the corruption flourishing in the lack of a moral atmosphere, Ferdinand had gauged to a nicety the psychology of these descendants of Tartar marauding tribes. He ruled them by fear, just as their chiefs did in the Middle Ages, and wasted no kindness on them—we might well have taken a lesson from him and recognised that the only way to do anything with Bulgarians is by force—to treat with them is regarded as a sign of weakness. Destruction, spoliation, and robbery the Bulgarians understand; State construction, national or individual morality they have not even yet had any temptation to study. In the army only officers were promoted who stood well at court, and only Austrophil officers could be welcomed there. The coming

of the new era of liberal ideas in Russia was only another proof to Ferdinand that nothing should be sought in Petrograd. He wanted a corrupt, illiterate people, with still more corrupt politicians—not an educated mass able to think. He has always had the true Austrian mediæval ideas as to the value of ignorance to those who wished to govern autocratically. The ruler of the Bulgars has followed a real policy, not caring for any scruples, for any correctness, or for any engagements. And this is the ruler of the nation we expect to seduce from the ranks of the enemy. For, save Ferdinand, nobody counts at Sofia except his German masters, who have the situation well in hand. Why should we imagine that the Germans trust the Bulgarians and will let there be any chance of treating with us? To assassinate Ferdinand might have been useful before the war, to do so now is useless. There are ten political parties in Bulgaria, all under the thumb of Ferdinand and all most whole-heartedly for Germany, even the formerly most Russophil. To treat is, therefore, only to hold ourselves up to derision, to strengthen the Bulgarian belief in the victory of the Central Powers, and do infinite harm to our prestige throughout Europe.

We must not forget, in dealing with this question, that Bulgaria undoubtedly believes that Germany is winning, if she has not already won, the war. It is therefore foolish to believe that Bulgaria is in despair because she is not with us. We must swallow the bitter pill and realise that she is glad to be with the Central Powers because she thinks they are winning. If the Bulgarians thought we were winning they would be unhappy, and we should have to bolt the doors to prevent her emissaries coming to treat for surrender. Of course, it is wonderful for anyone to *want* to be on the other side, but Bulgaria undoubtedly does. What is Bulgaria anyway? A king, whole-heartedly Austrian, a camarilla of unscrupulous, suspicious politicians, readier than Polonius to accept the suggestions of their king, and a mass of unthinking peasants who only know that they have Macedonia and that Serbia has been wiped out. Bulgaria to-day believes that "what exists is the incontestable military and political supremacy of Germany and her allies, who are preserving their initiative and their strength intact." Nor is it to be wondered at

that Bulgaria believes that her allies are victorious—facts support German arguments and distance makes it difficult for the slowly-growing might of Germany's enemies to be appreciated. If Berlin believes that half London is in ruins from Zeppelin bombs, as it undoubtedly does, what must not Sofia think? We must therefore take as a basis of discussion of Bulgarian action the fact that the Bulgarians are probably more confident of ultimate victory being on their side than are many Germans or even Englishmen. Any attempt to lure them from their allies, by promise of the concession of bloodstained Macedonian districts where British and French life-blood has mingled with Serbian, only makes the Bulgarians think that their support is needed to save the Allies from Germany's might, and convinces them that Berlin is surer of victory than London. Bulgaria has always taken readiness to negotiate as a confession of weakness. Ethelred the Unready, with his proffers of blood-money to buy off invasion, was probably more likely to be successful than those who would seek to barter with Bulgaria to leave the enemy's camp and make peace. The Pact of Berlin, by which no enemy country can make separate peace, is still more potent perhaps than the Pact of London, because on Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, and Constantinople lies the mailed fist of the principal signatory. As the Bulgarian Prime Minister said, on February 16th, 1916: "We Bulgars are working with our allies for the common cause. We do not recognise any separate interests. Whatever is important to our allies is important to ourselves likewise."

Ferdinand and his Bulgarians have two ideals—to crush Serbia and to have a common frontier with Austria-Hungary—nothing less than this can satisfy the Coburger, and now that he has tasted the pleasures of possession he is far less likely to wish to forgo them. And, however ready we may be to sell our Ally's flesh and blood to gain the smiles of the Syren of Sofia, we cannot give him all he wants. From the start we could never pay his price, only Germany could, which was the best of reasons why Ferdinand was bound to go with the Central Powers.

Nor must we overlook the fact that the Bulgarians have a tremendous opinion of their own importance, and for us to treat with them means that their heads would swell still

more and make terms still more impossible. Already they announce that Bulgaria needs "neither French empty ostentation, British brutality, nor Russian passivity." They also announce that "on account of the intervention of Bulgaria, Asquith and Grey lost their heads, and there is no more trace in them of their past mastership." It must be confessed that the published opinions of Bulgaria as to this country are scarcely flattering to our pride, nor indicative of any undue desire on the part of Sofia to be pleasant. The following three extracts give some idea, and there are more extreme ones easily to be found: "Great Britain, who believes that the world was created to be her slave, must renounce her ideal of a future ruling all the seas and all the nations. The British must be made to feel God's wrath for having grieved the blameless heart of Bulgaria!" Or, "We know the shameless and rapacious politics of Great Britain under the yoke of which over 300 millions of people are groaning. From the time of Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress we have learnt what the integrity of a nation means for Great Britain." Nor is the prospect for us very cheering if we are to believe Bulgarian views. "Great Britain is called upon to answer for its sins to God and humanity. First of all the British Government is now exposed to the judgment of public opinion of its own state. What can Great Britain do? Nothing else but to be crushed, destroyed, and annihilated by the smaller nations led by Germany. That is the situation of Great Britain." Nor is this extract of the reply, in the Bulgarian Parliament this year to the King's speech, soothing to our military pride: "The armies of the two great Powers, Great Britain and France, who entered martyred Macedonia with the disgraceful intention of strengthening and consolidating the terrible rule of Serbian tyranny, were met with unexampled heroism by our brave Bulgarian armies, who fell upon the enemy with the tempestuous fury of a hurricane and put him to panic-stricken flight."

To endeavour to treat with people who think like that would not only be a mistake, it would be foolish. Nor are more potent arguments wanting. If we treat with Bulgaria seriously we risk not gaining Roumania—we gain nothing with Bulgaria, save smirching our national honour and a worn-out second-rate army. In losing

Roumania we lose 600,000 men, well trained in war, fully officered, with trained reserves of another 500,000 men. All these strategically placed where they can do the most good. What will it avail us to have bought Bulgarian remnants if it means the loss of Odessa and South Russia? The opening of the Dardanelles even would then read like a sorry jest, and not be worth striving for. To lose Roumanian support when the opportune moment comes may well be to condemn Russia and her armies to permanent activity or even permanent retreat. Feeding war stores to Russia by Archangel or Vladivostok is like bottle-feeding an infant through the full length of a garden hose. The Southern inlet must be available before Russia can come to her full strength, and if Odessa goes, not only is the whole Russian battle-line compromised, but the vital question is raised of the possibility of adequate further Russian military participation in the war. The Roumanian army is the great stake in the war to-day—it may well be the decisive stake—representing two million men on balance. Are we going to throw this away in order to attempt to prove that those were right who said the Bulgarians were for us even if their ruler was not? We cannot prove that, however much we may pay the Bulgarian cut-throats to betray their present allies, but we may put the coping-stone on the edifice of catastrophic blunders in the Balkans. We must choose, and choose quickly.

Note

THE ENGLISH REVIEW can point to a good many true prognostications and judgments since the war began; but that a monthly Review should be able to publish an absolutely accurate forecast of a rebellion three weeks—not only beating the Government (which would not be astonishing) but the entire Press—before it occurred is surely a unique event in journalism. How was this possible? How could THE ENGLISH REVIEW know what was about to happen in Ireland when Mr. Birrell, the Castle and its officials, and Nationalism did not know?

We publish now some of the main facts contained in Major Stuart-Stephens' private report. This remarkably accurate report, submitted six months ago to the proper authorities, was ignored. I am able to say from positive knowledge that it was pooh-poohed.

Why?

Is it not time that this peculiar remissness on the part of the advisory authorities—a remissness precisely similar to that in connection with the German peril in 1914, with Bulgaria, with Turkey, etc.—should be explained, even if Mr. Asquith has to appoint his 9,999th Committee under, say, an expert of aeronautics?—THE EDITOR.

How I Foretold the Sinn Féin Rebellion

By Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

To assert that a Patlander can lack humour is a heterodoxy. It is one to which an assembly of Irish Fenians, last March, in New York, gave an aspect of grim truth. Some jokes are necessarily wasted on an Irishman. There is, for example, that time-honoured merry English conjunction of Paddy and his Pig. That an Irishman's home could also

be his pigstye used to vastly amuse the average Englishman. He thought of Paddy choosing the porker for roommate as a custom arising out of a funny national idiosyncrasy. He jovially imagined the pig in the parlour to be a sort of an abnormally developed Irish cricket on the hearth, whose exasperating chirp had, under climatic conditions, been evolved into a melodious grunt. It is not in his failure to laugh about such things as his pig that an Irishman lacks humour. It is rather in a gift for too readily deciding that the only way to roast this or any other pig is to, like Charles Lamb's Chinaman, burn down the house. Such a superheated decision was the notable achievement of the Irish Race Convention, on March 5th, when it was agreed to pave the way for Irish independence by starting a Shin Fane * revolution in Ireland on Easter Sunday.

On April 21st I contrived to obtain a glance at a letter written in Brooklyn by the "Old Guard" leader, the veteran Fenian, John Devoy. He, I say here, has just been indicted by the U.S. Government for being concerned with the ex-German Military Attaché, Captain von Papen, in a plot having for its object an American Clan-na-Gael raid on Canada—a raid which I happen to know has been frustrated by the collapse of the Dublin short-lived Commune. In Devoy's letter occurs the remarkable passage: "That clever gentleman, Major S. Stephens, whom we know of old here, no doubt thinks he will be able to deluge the British Press with his accounts of the I.R.C. (Irish Race Convention) and the decision we arrived at, Bank Holiday again, *thigum thu?*" † Now the translation of this is that it was suspected that an intelligent listener, in my confidence, was present at the secret session of the Convention and that I had learned the nature of the "decision," *i.e.*, that a Bank holiday would be the date for the rising, the "again" is, of course, a reference to a previous Bank holiday prediction of mine, viz., that the world-war would be inaugurated on August Bank Holiday, 1914.‡ I can confirm the redoubtable Devoy's suspicions, for some eleven days

* I spell it phonetically as pronounced in the sister isle.—C. D.-S.-S.

† The Irish for "Do you understand?"—C. D.-S.-S.

‡ The story of how I was able to foretell this stupendous event was told in The English Review, June, 1915.—C. D.-S.-S.

after the closing of the Convention I was in possession of a *précis* of its proceedings. The *Times*, in alluding to my article in last month's ENGLISH REVIEW, wrote: "Much of Major Stuart-Stephens' information, particularly that referring to the Irish Race Convention in New York, will be both new and disquieting to English readers."

I am afraid what I have now to tell of my recent investigations of Irish conspiracy and its sequel will prove somewhat more disquieting. To return to the all-important Convention.

After two long days of Irish-American oratory, which threw the keen-nosed "star" and "cub" New York reporters completely off the scent, the Military Council of the combined Irish and German societies held a secret session. Two resolutions were adopted *nem. con.*—quite a unique event in the history of Irish deliberations, but then the Teutonic element really did the business—Irish imagination tempered by German thoroughness.

The first was that "now or never must the national flag be raised in Ireland." Nothing would be more laughable than such an announcement if, as in the past, it never occurred that to take the field would involve comparatively gigantic financial resources. Well, to my complete astonishment, when I heard of what went on at the secret session, the Irish extremists recognised that the sinews of war were required and urgently.

So the second revolution proposed by John Devoy and seconded by one Max Friedman (probably an alias) was duly accepted, viz., "that an appropriation of 1,000,000 dollars be authorised." Some of that million has, no doubt, between the early part of March and the middle of April, found its way across the Atlantic, but, of course, the main portion remains in the coffers of the magniloquently-styled Military Council. Why not at once "The Irish-German-American General Staff"? I am painfully wondering what proportion of the "war fund" came out of the bankers of the German-American commercial magnates and how much was subscribed by Irish-American millionaires? The hat has been going round since the very commencement of the war, after our disastrous retreat from Belgium.

The Military Council of seven has a German pre-

ponderance—four to three—so it does not need the aid of Celtic and Gaelic imagination to safely predict that I will soon hear of a split. In New York mutual recriminations are already the order of the day. When, ahem! Hibernians and Huns fall out, honest men may get back their own. Yet I much fear me that the eminent "down town" saloon-keeper, Paudeen O'Rafferty, or Fritz Sauerkraut, proprietor of many delicatessen marts, will not see back the dollars which were voted, behind their backs, for the purposes of the Irish-German Grosser General Stab.

It's a merry world, my masters, more particularly when the Clan-na-Gael and the German-American Soldier Bond swear an offensive alliance.

To pro-Ally-Americans not conversant with the real object of the Convention the speakers at the open meetings were promptly written down as pinchbeck traitors, men of unexampled impudence. What had been said by both men and women was freely characterised as vindictive, venomous, blatant, foul, and contemptible. An American oil magnate, who has just returned from a flying trip to New York and who quietly slipped in to see the fun at the great "Bugaboo Bladder-skite Circus," as a witty but uninformed Press man called it, tells me some of the speakers gave symptoms of an inflammation of the hyphen. He suggested, with the dry humour of Manhattan, that "hyphenitis might one day, when the New York hot weather arrived, need ice bags." All and sundry, including the British Government, were taken in by the thrilling exhibition of oratorical fireworks, which worked like a charm in concealing the real sinister significance of what was going on behind the scenes.

And the writer, knowing this was the final stage-setting ere the ringing up of the curtain for the great Irish transformation scene of "*The Germans are on the Sea*," sat impotent, fettered by the knowledge that a report of his on the actual inwardness of the happening in the first week of last March met with thinly disguised incredulity.

For I had in this respect suffered an all-sufficient lesson. To quote a letter which appeared in the *Morning Post* of May 1st from Sir George Makgill, Secretary of the Anti-German Union, "All the essential facts of the Sinn Féin conspiracy were contained in the two reports forwarded by

me to the Government some seven months past." These little official pleasantries give a zealous man like myself a keen relish for the service of the country, but it is only now that I have opened my mouth to a feeble complaint.

In this especial connection I feel myself compelled to descend to the advertisement of some morsels of personal detail. My *bona fides*—what were they for undertaking, for the Anti-German Union, a mission which, owing to its nature, required some little experience in what is cynically described in the French Army as the "collection of Military Statistics"?

Well, on September 3rd, 1886, I was invited to appear before the late Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. W. H. Smith, and the then Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews, in Lord Randolph's room in the House of Commons. A connection of mine, the first Earl of Iddesleigh, better known as the time-honoured Sir Stafford Northcote, had, as a result of certain after-dinner conversations at St. James's Place, brought about the meeting between a humble captain of infantry and four tremendous political personages. Mr. Philip Bagenal, now an Inspector of the Local Government Board, acted for certain potent reasons as the introducer of a simple soldier—very simple—to the then Irish Committee of the Cabinet.

A couple of days following this experience the writer was selected by that most unfortunate of men—the late General Sir Redvers Buller (under whom I had served in the Zulu War)—for special service in Ireland. I joined Sir Redvers at Killarney, and on his appointment to temporary high office in Dublin came under the notice of his successor, the present Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, who, I am glad to feel, is very much "up and about." From association with Colonel Turner, "Horse Gunner" and Special Commissioner for the Disturbed District, the progress of events led to my dispatch to America on a special mission to inquire into the anti-English organisations in the United States.

I went as an open enemy, and, extraordinary to relate, found it the most effective means of attaining my object. By goading the old Fenian Brotherhood and the new Clan-na-Gael into wondrous boasts of what they could do in the

case of a European war, I soon satisfied myself that the well-financed Clan-na-Gael could, in presence of such a contingency, do precisely nothing, except subsidise desperate fanatics to blow up railway station cloak-rooms. My American report was, on my return to England, handed to my wife's former guardian, the Right Hon. Colonel Edward King-Harman, then Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland. Follows from Dublin to Dahomey. In 1891 I was officially thanked by M. de Freycinet, then French Minister of War, and M. Detaine, Under-Secretary for Marine and the Colonies, "for important services in Intelligence duties in connection with the General Dods Expedition to one of the darkest regions of the Dark Continent." The copy of the letter, which was handed to me by Colonel the Count du Pontevice de Huissey, French Military Attaché, is, I believe, pigeon-holed at the Embassy at Albert Gate. And then to South America. The following year I undertook a somewhat risky piece of work for General Kohner (ex-Prussian officer and bagman for Krupp's), Chief of the improvised Chilian Congressionalist army, when I "looked in" at Valparaiso and Santiago, with the result that my report on the condition of President Balmaceda's forces—military and naval—was considered of such value that I was forthwith promoted to Commandant in the "scratch" rebel army that afterwards overturned the Dictator's Government. And then from South America to South Africa, where I spent the year 1895 employed on a confidential mission to Mr. Rhodes by the French Ministry of War. Returning to England in 1896, Lord Selborne, through the late Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, invited me to some "conversations" at the Colonial Office, when I laid before the then Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies my views on the situation in the Federal Dutch Republics. The events of the great Anglo-Boer War later on amply vindicated my gloomy forecast in May, 1896. "But that's another story."

Autumn, 1896, saw me off to Berlin, the bearer of, among others, two vitally important letters of introduction, one from my former Chief, General Kohner, Minister of War of Chili, and the other from von Hannegan, the German who was mainly responsible for the defences of the "Gib." of the Far East, Port Arthur. He was also on the

sly, "devilish sly," a glorified "Commercial Gent" for Essen.

Two months after my intrusion into the habitat of the Hun tribes I was enabled to lay before General Billot, French Minister of War, and General Moutan d'Boisdeffre, Chief of the Grand Etat-Major Général, my report showing that a secret re-armament was proceeding with the Kaiser's field artillery.

In 1911 and in 1913 I stole across from Liége into the potential enemy's territory and saw what was being effected in secret strategic railway development on the frontier of poor deluded little Belgium, and was thus able, in 1911, to predict in print the date of the coming of Europe's rude awakening as being August Bank Holiday, 1914.

Had I not then sufficient credentials to warrant my despatch to Ireland on what I suppose will be the very last of my experiences in the stimulating pursuit of the collection and correction of "military statistics"? "How's that, Umpire?"

A certain Sunday last autumn was one I will not easily forget, for on that special day of rest I enjoyed the privilege of witnessing a review of the armed strength of "Rebel Cork." It so happens that I have also been present at the grand manœuvres of a quartet of French Army Corps at Compiègne, what time a dozen thousand Chasseurs à Cheval, sky-blue "Petits Bleus," Dragoons, and lastly, mail-clad Cuirassiers, amid a tumultuous "*en avant, en avant*," thundered past His Imperial Little Father of all the Russias; but the Munster military spectacle remains, for many reasons, most clearly outlined on my memory. The Sinn Féin local Commandant, for the instruction of a couple of officers of the Munster Fusiliers and my humble self, condescended to put his commando through the "manual and firing exercise." This performance was chiefly characterised by a wobbling uncertainty of the rifles and "scatter guns" of many patterns, and a pronounced disposition on the part of their owners to "mark time" until they saw what their neighbours were going to do. I awaited with thrilling nervousness the command: "For bayonet exercise, open order." But fortunately my constitutional horror of blood-shedding was not assailed. Herr Commander prudently cut out that part of the pro-

gramme. Ensued the manœuvres. They were of so surprising a description that, against all traditions of French politeness, I exploded with laughter—which, I hasten to add, was purely internal. Each involved change of front was effected apparently with the sole object of placing the couple of dozen Sinn Féin officers (to 200 rank and file) in the most conspicuous positions wherefrom the fair maids of Cork could admire to the best advantage the ferocity of demeanour and bewildering diversity of their sweethearts' uniforms.

That night I wrote in my report—to quote Sir George Makgill again: "As a hostile military force the Sinn Féin here is beneath contempt."

Towards the end of September a ruinous expenditure of Middleton whiskey obtained me the startling information that the conspiracy was in possession of some hundred automatic machine-guns. Now this was disconcerting. The lead pumper, in the hands of thoroughly competent men, is a weapon of fearful potentiality. No soldier who ever watched the handling of a machine gun by a perfectly-trained crew, and witnessed, as I have, in the Chilian Civil War, its fire skim a far-off crest and behind it plug through the bodies of the enemy concealed in supposed safety, would ever deliberately allow such a superb instrument of clearance to be served by men who might not only fail to get all there was to get out of the gun, but might let it go out of action permanently the first time a jam took place.

For reduction of "jams" must be a matter of seconds if the persons on the other side of the argument have made their minds to force their company upon you and your trenches. No specialist of our time requires more concentrated experience than does the machine gunner, who must know his weapon until he can put one together in the dark. Therefore, I was unimpressed by the knowledge that the Shin Fane had acquired machine-guns when I had indulged in some conversation with a patriot who was styled in the organisation "Commandant of the Machine-gun Commando." *Inter alia*, the use of the Afrikander Dutch appellation had been imported by "Major" John McBride, whose career ended the other day after an official interview with a firing party. Well, when I had steered

the machine-gun expert into an expansive mood, I am sorry to confess that he quickly lost his temper, which was impolite, seeing that I was his host. I merely asked him if he could diagnose a jam by the position of the rocker handle and reduce it in a few seconds, or point the gun with certain accuracy if the regular pointer was out of action. And with touching anxiety I inquired if he endured much bother with "wet" belts.

This phenomenon, by-the-bye, is a peculiarity of the "American Colt automatic," which jams cheerfully when its belts get wet. "We take them out and dry them before the fire" was the unguarded response. "Yes," I explained; "comes from the friction between case and loop as the shell is plucked out." The only thanks tendered by the Commandant was to, in the most ungentlemanly fashion, tell me to go to hell. He saw that I had spotted him as an empty know-nothing, and, like all humbugs, resented being found out. I did not proceed to the nether region; rather, I returned to London, satisfied that American machine-guns, to the number of four, had been smuggled into Ireland, that their gun detachment was selected on a haphazard principle, and that these eminent warriors knew as much of their manipulation as a pill pedlar does of the working of an X-ray apparatus. Also, I had become aware that the Sinn Féin had never even fired blank cartridge out of their presents from N.Y.

And now let me urge one more and last warning. The state of delirious excitement into which Ireland has been plunged, the hero-worship lavished on the "victims" of "the butcher from Egypt," as General Maxwell is described by the Sinn Féiners, has had its due effect on Celtic enthusiasm.

There are men in the conspiracy fully prepared to emulate those who sacrificed themselves in other days to slay William the Silent and Henri Quatre—under the influence of similar excitement. And there are more than one of those ruthless fanatics who consider it the day of their life when they are enabled to prove that no rank, however exalted, and no distance, however vast, could interfere with the vengeance of the Shin Faners. The people of these isles possess, where recent history is concerned, marvellously short memories. Yet there are surely

a few of us who remember the grim procession of assassinations that, in the Irish capital, drove the authorities to the end of their wits—not a long road for them to travel. *It may be attempted by the Inner Circle* of this remarkable conspiracy to establish another Dublin Reign of Terror.* I know Paris, I know Dublin. Both cities are wonderfully alike in the capacity of their political subterranean elements in one time or another, to use old Kruger's phrase, to "stagger humanity," or, to recall the words of the monster informer, James Carey, "make history."

I may say I have some reason to believe that there is already an ugly suggestion of Invincible traditions in the highly-oxygenised air of "Erin's Isle." On Saturday, May 6th—ominous date, that of the Phœnix Park assassination—I was from an Irish source dissuaded from paying a flying visit to Cork. "There are Sinn Féiners among the hotel staffs and you are on the list." It was highly annoying to me, but I took the hint, knowing full well that, if I were polished off, my humble memory would be held in execration by the kindly wiseacres who thought my Irish report a bothersome document. "There," it would be said, "he had even contrived to get himself murdered, just to give more trouble." However, a truce to mere persiflage.

I have in the last century written in deadly earnest on certain phases of the Eternal Irish Question. And now, after a break of thirty years, I have, in the pages of this REVIEW, taken up my pen again on the Eternal Irish Question. And my deepest conviction is that that question need not rest eternal if England gave *now* to Ireland the same autonomy as she extended to the beaten Boers and astonished the beaten Shin Faners with a handsome measure of amnesty. In other words, hand over that much-perturbed island to Irishmen who have learned to roast pigs without burning houses. *They* would turn certain of their countrymen into being less extravagant cooks.

"La pointe d'une épée est une réalité qui fait disparaître bien des fantômes!" Thus spoke the Baron de Bazancourt, swordsman and epigrammatist, and what he

* See "The Secret History of the Sinn Féin," ENGLISH REVIEW, May, 1916.

said has been too abundantly proved true in Dublin, where the sharp point of the sword of rebellion has shocked the amiable Chief Secretary, whose attitude during the hatching of the Hibernian-Hun conspiracy—filled with unctuous rectitude, doing nothing and protesting his goodwill to all people—would have been comic if its results had not been so lamentably pathetic. The powers that be have not condescended to inform me if my Irish secret report was passed on from London to Dublin Castle, and so I am still unaware if the monumental Mr. Birrell knew of the existence of such a document. Assuming that it reached its logical objective, viz., the seat of the Irish Government, then the whilom Chief Secretary, all his excess of amiability to the contrary, must either have been most badly informed by his subordinates or himself "spoofed" when he stood up at the Treasury Bench and solemnly protested that he had never received a "specific warning" of a combined Irish and German hostile operation in the country which he represents in His Majesty's Cabinet.

For the confidential account of my Shin Fane mission was, as is shown by the following letter to the *Morning Post*, couched in language that was intended to, in deadly earnest, shatter any illusions that the authorities still permitted themselves to hold respecting the ramifications and sinister object of this very latest and most serious of all Irish conspiracies.

To the Editor of the "Morning Post."

Sir,—In reference to the questions raised in the House of Lords on Wednesday, and to Lord Lansdowne's reply that "there was nothing like a specific warning that this particular trouble must be expected," I think it is only right that the public should know that the authorities were warned months ago. Last summer the British Empire Union (then the Anti-German Union) received from the West and South of Ireland so many reports as to the activities of German agents and Sinn Féin members, that I sent over a special representative to investigate the facts. His first report was sent in on September 30th, and a fuller report was furnished early in October. The main incidents of Sir Roger Casement's attempt were set forth in that report, which was duly submitted to the authorities.

I give the following quotations from the first report :—

> At the suggestion of the redoubtable Sir Roger Casement a diversion in South-Western Ireland was arranged for by the enemy with the obvious object of establishing a temporary panic in this country and preventing through its continuance the movement of troops to the various seats of war. This scheme of an Irish diversion had, with true Teutonic thoroughness, been arranged so far back as March, 1913. The last development of this stroke was brought about by Sir Roger Casement. This I have certain knowledge of, and with full sense of the responsibility that attaches to the making of so serious a statement. . . .

The manifesto issued last year by the Sinn Féin was distributed broadcast throughout the West and South. This was to have been the signal for a simultaneous rising of the Sinn Féin, and it was even suggested to me that there would probably be a raid by sea and air at the same time upon our East Coast. The expedition was to be "sent out round the Shetlands, and then, after some three or four days *en route* in the North Atlantic, turned and a dash made for South-Western Ireland. The ships would be fast-steaming liners, and would be unescorted except by torpedo-boat destroyers."

The report goes on :—

> The understanding with certain of the Sinn Féiners is complete. These gentry are small in number, but dangerous in the extreme. . . . The miscarriage of the projected raid, which was timed to be attempted last week, is believed due to the premature distribution of the German manifesto. The circular was sent out some days too soon, rearrangements were at once made in Berlin, and which shows how intimate and immediate is the communication existing between Germany and its agents in Ireland.

Yours, etc.,
GEORGE MAKGILL, *Secretary*.

The British Empire Union, 346 Strand,
May 1st.

I may add that, in addition to the specific warnings alluded to in this letter—those of an importation of German arms, engineered by Casement, and the complement of a cruiser and Zeppelin raid on the English east coast—my report contained a detailed account of the circumstances under which I contrived to locate an

ENEMY SUBMARINE BASE IN KERRY.

The West of Ireland littoral, breaking for us the untamed Atlantic swell, is rich in out-of-the-way sheltered anchorages and potential harbours. And it possesses superb

fishing-grounds. Having last autumn revived my partiality for waging war against what George Augustus Sala once termed, in the best *Daily Telegraphesque* English, "the denizens of the deep," there was nothing remarkable in my temporarily chartering a Kerry "hooker" and in her spending many days and nights in all sorts of weather dodging about the estuary of the Shannon, Dingle Bay, the estuary of the Kenmare River, Bantry Bay, and Berehaven, to mention a few of my cruising spheres.

I enjoyed, on the whole, fair hauls, except just in one patch where sport was exasperatingly poor. Here in Dingle Bay I was, on September 22nd, running in on a light five-knot breeze—the true mackerel wind—when my boatman confided to me the curious information that "*the ile was driving away the fish, God bless them.*" I may explain I had the hardy navigator "efficiently" drunk—talkatively so—on this particular day's fishing, for I had "ma doots" about things being all right in the "Bay of Dingle Oh."

"Sure," he meandered on:

"She Comes in to Sleep Here."

I knew what was coming. "Yes, Sir," my ship's company continued. "She has a nice sandbank down there between these two pints," waving his hand in the direction of Inch and Rossbeg Points. "Ah!" I thought, "oil of a heavy density that would stick for some time to a limited sea area, a lubricant for the machinery of the periodical sleeper." I determined to launch my attack from the land side—a course unpursued at Gallipoli—and so put about and beat up to Tralee River, where I landed, and the next day took the train for Kilgorghan, the nearest little town to where evidently the German secret submarine base was situated. At this hotbed of the Sinn Féin I became convinced that the whole countryside was in the "know." And when some of the local Sinn Féiners began to inquire why my fishing proclivities were tempered by a desire for the diffusion of useful knowledge, as represented by the standing of unlimited rounds of potent Middleton whiskey, I felt it was expedient for me to keep an appointment elsewhere, if I was to avoid being assassinated, which would have led to all sorts of awkward complications—for the local police authorities, the Anti-German Union, etc.

—but not for the "gentry" who would have "attended" to me, for *they* would never have been laid hold of. For a veritable reign of terror reigned supreme from the Shannon to Cape Clear. So, having found out all I wanted, I trekked for less unsalubrious surroundings.

Now, what I have just written may read like a weak imitation of one of the exploits of that worthy master-mariner, Captain Kettle. "Fiction," no doubt, would be the verdict of any one of the five discerning London editors who refused even a modest column of my article which appeared in last month's ENGLISH REVIEW. Well, the fiction in question disguised itself as fact, and went through the hollow form of taking place upon the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of last September, and the myth is recorded in what may be a mere air bubble, but looks a voluminous official document presented by Sir George Makgill to certain representatives of H.M. Government. *Eh, bien*, the lesson of this damnable Shin Fane business is: we must endeavour to understand the Irish, and put up with them, in spite of the mischievous consequences of allowing young men to be clandestinely imported from Dublin to London, as the founder of the "Harmsworth Press" was, and as Mister Tay Pay, and G. B. S., and I were.

For, except in the forefront of the Empire's battlefields, we cannot get rid of the intractable Irish without carting every Mick and Paddy to the habitat of the cannibals of the Upper Congo, which would not be a ridiculously easy operation, and which, were it so, would inevitably provoke a world-quaking outburst of horror from outraged Germanic humanity.

Peace at our Price

By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

"We do not wish our enemies to offer us peace. We do not wish them to ask for it. We do not wish to submit to their conditions. We wish to impose ours upon them."—(POINCARÉ.)

THE terse and limpid sentences which I have adopted as a text for the following observations were pronounced a short time ago at Nancy by the President of the Republic. No words could more adequately express the attitude of France towards the peace that must crown the ultimate defeat of Germany and her allies, and their incisive and definite character form a striking—and to some of us a welcome—contrast to the verbose declaration upon the same subject recently made by Sir Edward Grey to the representative of an American paper.

Although we hear with relief that our responsible leaders on both sides of the Channel are determined that peace shall not, like war, find them unprepared, we are not convinced that the British Government, and still less the English people, are quite of M. Poincaré's opinion as to the quality and scope of the peace we are both still fighting to secure. If, therefore, as Sir Edward Grey remarked to his interviewer, "Peace counsels that are purely abstract and make no attempt to discriminate between the rights and wrongs of this war, are ineffective, if not irrelevant," I need make no apology for this endeavour to indicate one or two of the dangers which lie in wait for the peacemakers—dangers which, if not detected and guarded against, will rob the victory of the Allies of half its laurels and most of its fruits.

Even if the time be not ripe for a full analysis of the future peace proposals, there are several points upon which the Allies must make up their minds before they contemplate any suspension of hostilities. They must begin by arranging between themselves the terms upon which they will sheathe the sword. They must meet; they

must discuss; they must decide the conditions they intend to dictate, long before all belligerents assemble for the last act of this sanguinary world drama. When the Allies are face to face with the vanquished foes of our civilisation there must be no hesitation, no parleying at the gate. In the words of M. Poincaré, we must impose our terms upon the Central Empires, without argument or discussion. It must be our victory, not a drawn battle—*our peace*, not their compromise. Otherwise the blood of our best will indeed have been spilt in vain.

The ideal which we are struggling to realise is, as both Mr. Asquith and M. Briand have repeatedly stated, freedom not only for ourselves, but also for the smaller European peoples. Our intention is to apply to a reconstructed map of Europe the old principle of nationalities. This is the first condition which the Allies mean to impose upon their enemies at the eventual Peace Congress. But before the Congress assembles we shall have to arrive at some decision as to its composition, and the tidings that the Pope, backed by a powerful following, in the Vatican and *outside it*, aspires to play a part in the preparation of the peace negotiations, shows that the settlement of this important point cannot long be postponed.

His Holiness, who has neither in the past nor in the present subscribed to the principle of nationalities, nevertheless assumes the right to take a share in the remodelling of Europe as the official representative of Roman Catholicism.

What, one may ask, would be the result of such an intervention? At first sight this proposal does not seem to have any bearing on the problem of nationality. It becomes clear, however, upon examination that the question of religion is in some cases so intimately connected with it that unless the Allies lay down certain definite rules, for the orientation of their future policy, they will run the risk of seeing ecclesiastical interests overshadow those national interests which ought to be the sole preoccupation of the Governments of Modern Europe.

How, to begin with, shall we define the principle of nationalities?

The subject has loomed large in recent Parliamentary debates, but hitherto no statesman has taken the trouble

to give us a clear explanation of the all-important principle. The student of international politics is supposed to realise what it denotes, but when one tries to grasp the real meaning of the word nationality one immediately discovers how complex this apparently simple symbol is and will always be. I venture, however, to describe a nation as the result of a grouping of individuals who have recognised, either from time immemorial or from a particular moment in their history, a common political authority.

Moreover, we must bear in mind that a nation is not invariably the collective expression of a race or of an aggregation of people speaking the same language. Both the Belgian and the Swiss constitute nationalities, though in both countries there exist several different races speaking different languages and preserving, in spite of their political unity, varied characteristics in their habits, manners, and local traditions.

It would be inaccurate to describe an Italian-Swiss as an Italian, a German-Swiss as a German, or a French-Swiss as a Frenchman. Each may possess affinities with the greater nations whose language and culture he has adopted, but each is before all Swiss of his own free will in consequence of geographical, historical, or economic conditions.

In some parts of Europe, as, for example, in the Balkans, it has been contended that religion takes the place of nationality. To a certain extent this may have been true before, but will certainly not be true after, the war. Bulgarians and Serbians, for instance, both belong to the Orthodox creed, but both nations possess a national church of their own within the bosom of the great orthodoxy, so that in their case nationality and religion are but two sides of the same medal. This fact, however, affects none but themselves. The war and the ultimate peace is and will be the work of those military and lay elements which in our time control the politic life of all countries. Religion has, in spite of the efforts of its priests, in spite of its spiritual vitality, become more and more ostracised from the business of government, and the people, as they progress in the path of intellectual freedom, distinguish more and more between the civil organisation of the community and the activity of the divers religious bodies which, though

they control as far as they can the private life of individuals, have no right to interfere with the government of the nation otherwise than through the influence which they exercise on the individuals who compose it.

In this latter sense the church of all denominations still possesses a great stake in the history of nations. More than any other power it contributes to form or to destroy the mentality of their citizens, who frequently chose their political leaders to represent the ideas and sentiments which have been instilled into their consciousness by their religious teachers.

Thus the laws of a Roman Catholic or of a Protestant country will always reflect to a limited extent the religious convictions of the majority of the people. But the State, to be worthy of its name, should be as independent of organised religious direction as of organised military domination.

The State is above all other departments of national activity, using and controlling them all in the superior interests of the nation. In no case should it ever be superseded by any of them. Its first duty is to protect every citizen, to ensure to each one the right to think and act as freely as is consistent with his neighbour's right to do the same, for the State exists to propose, sanction, and apply the laws agreed to by the community.

To apply to Europe the principle of nationalities is an easy task when we are dealing with powerful countries which have long ago realised their national unity, as is the case of France and of England. But our difficulties start as soon as we come to the national aspirations of territories which, like Alsace-Lorraine, have been for a certain number of years under the heel of the conqueror. During the last forty years the German Government has diligently colonised Alsace-Lorraine, and has used every means in its power to impose its "Kultur" on the terrorised Alsatians. And parallel conditions are to be found in other enslaved countries, like Poland and Serbian Macedonia.

If after the war we attempt to ascertain the collective will of these oppressed peoples by asking them to vote for annexation by any great Power or for their constitution as an autonomous State, how are we to eliminate from the mass of the population the imported colonist element? To

allow the invaders of yesterday, or even of several years' standing, to give their opinion on this subject would be to defeat the object in view, though it is probable that those aliens who have settled there would claim the right of deciding their political future and would vaunt their affection for their adopted country. Such pretensions on the part of the more or less naturalised colonist might be admissible if the question only concerned the material interests of the community. But when it comes to deciding the initial right of the autochthonous inhabitants to select their nationality it would be obviously unfair to allow the intruders, their children and grandchildren, to outvote their former victims.

This is evident in a country like Alsace-Lorraine, which forty-six years ago was as French as Brittany and Normandy. But though in the case of Poland it might prove a difficult task to distinguish between the Russians, the Austrians, and the Germans who for scores of years have become part and parcel of that once prosperous and independent Kingdom, the fact remains that a crushing majority of authentic Poles are still living in their native land—indeed, the German Press mentions as a regrettable but indisputable circumstance that the non-Slav element in Poland amounts only to 20 per cent. of the population. And if there was any doubt in the mind of Teutonic journalists as to the sentiments cherished by the Slav population—*i.e.*, the majority—why should the *Rheinisch Westfaelische Zeitung* recommend that a number of clerks, manufacturers, and agriculturists should be immediately transported to Poland in order to colonise the conquered territories and to Germanise this part of Europe?

As for Macedonia, now devastated by the Bulgarians and their allies, what has been left upon her soil of its indigenous population? Only a few old men, women, and children. Even if after the war a few thousand Serbian survivors are able to return to their ruined homesteads they would inevitably be out-voted by the imported Bulgarians and the remaining Turks in the event of a plebiscite being taken with the object of deciding the future of Macedonia.

From these observations it may be deduced that when any effort is made to settle the nationality of any country, precautions should be taken which will enable the population to

express fairly, as well as freely, the choice of its political destiny.

First, the right to do so should be restricted to those who can establish two, three, or four generations of residence in the country. Secondly, a vote should in justice be given to women and adolescents. In most parts of Europe a young girl is eligible for marriage at the age of fifteen, while at seventeen or eighteen a boy is enlisted to defend his country. Surely those members of the community who are of an age to accomplish the two most sacred duties of life—to give one's life for one's country and to give life to a new generation—ought to be deemed old enough to accomplish a simple political act.

Thus might be established on a fair basis such consultations of public opinion as would restore to those martyred peoples their ancient and indestructible rights.

Of course, there are cases in which the mere suggestion of a plebiscite is ridiculous. Who, when the war is over, could propose to the French the possibility of Alsace-Lorraine being given back to them after the farce of a referendum? As well consult the population of the French departments now occupied by the Germans on the subject of their future nationality!

If, however, we are too liberal-minded to dictate to the smaller nations of Europe as well as to our enemies—if we attenuate our might by the right of every nation to develop its national life as it pleases without trespassing on the claims of the rest of Europe, our only solution for this problem will be the application of the principle of nationality transformed and modified as may seem necessary to suit circumstances without precedent in the history of the world.

But we shall have to use great circumspection in handling this trenchant weapon when the occasion arises, and also to prevent the intrusion of sacerdotal influences into the deliberations of the various conferences between the Allies which will precede the Peace Conference proper. These precautions are all the more necessary that no form of religion is in any way responsible for the present crisis? This war is being fought to ensure the observance of the principle of liberty and of justice throughout the world, not to protect or to attack any religious interest. The purpose of Germany in invading Belgium and

France was to impose her political and economic domination on Europe and thereby on the world, not to defend this or that creed or liturgy. The free nations of Europe are now united against the Central Empires, not to sustain any Church or belief, but to guarantee the civil rights of every citizen in every country.

Economic interests of the greatest magnitude are also at stake, but none of the peoples engaged in that gigantic combat have any concern with the past, the present, or the future of any religious system. It is for this reason that we desire to attract the attention of public opinion to the manœuvres of the Roman Catholic Church, which has on more than one occasion of late tried to ascertain the attitude of Allied opinion towards an active and open interference of the Pope in matters which do not concern the Roman Catholic Church or any other religious organisation in Europe or elsewhere.

On the occasion of Mr. Asquith's visit to Rome a remark was made by the Pope during the conversation he had with the Prime Minister which made it possible for the Vatican to publish to the world the desire of His Holiness to take an active share in the elaboration of the treaty which must establish once and for all stable conditions in Europe. A politician so astute as Mr. Asquith naturally refrained from giving the slightest encouragement to these vain hopes. He remained silent while His Holiness cleverly outlined his views on the participation of the Papal See in the peace that is to be. But it was enough for the Vatican that Mr. Asquith afforded to the Head of the Church an opportunity of enunciating his policy. To have secured such an opportunity is in itself a real diplomatic victory for Rome.

Upon what grounds, we may well inquire, does the Pope base his claim to a voice in the settlement of the European conflict—a conflict in which he has taken no share as a temporal sovereign?

It cannot even be contended that in his character of spiritual sovereign, ruling over a Church which counts millions of adherents in both camps, the Pope was bound to observe strict neutrality; for such a position connotes both the privilege and the obligation to praise or to blame, to reward or to punish the members of the religious organisation which acknowledges his pontificate. Right and

wrong are not variable terms, nor is a crime less criminal when committed by professors of the Roman faith. As Defender of that faith His Holiness was surely called upon to protest on the very day that the peace of Europe was broken by the most faithful and obedient member of his flock—the Emperor of Austria. Even admitting his helplessness as far as the heretic Kaiser was concerned, he certainly possessed full power to reprimand those Catholic kings of Germany whose armies wrought ruin in Catholic Belgium.

If in that sacrilegious hour the Supreme Pontiff had hurled the thunder of excommunication against those among his disciples who not only connived at the destruction of Malines, of Louvain, and of Rheims, but participated in the violation of the sanctuaries of the Roman faith, he would thereby have fulfilled his mission of keeper of the Catholic conscience; he would have borne his share —a great moral share—in the war, and he would have the right to-day to speak his mind during the deliberations which must precede the general disarmament.

But, like Gallio, His Holiness seems to care for none of these things. Since the outbreak of hostilities he has studiously refrained from remonstrance or condemnation in presence of infamous deeds which he could neither ignore nor deny.

Though the moral law universally accepted in Christendom declares that in the domain of right or wrong there can be no neutrality, the Pope has up to the present moment neglected to enlighten his spiritual children as to what is fair or unfair, justifiable or unjustifiable in this infernal conflict; and in adopting this non-committal attitude he has lost for ever any chance of regaining the influence which his predecessors in the Holy See once wielded in France.

This is all the more remarkable on account of the undoubted revival of religious feeling which took place in France at the beginning of the war. Men who were going to the front to conquer or to die remembered with emotion the prayers their mothers had taught them when they were children; for in spite of his supposed frivolity and scepticism the average Frenchman still preserves a deep respect for the traditional faith of his ances-

tors. If at that tragic moment the Pope had stood for the principle of right against wrong, if he had made even a generous gesture, Rome would have reconquered as by a miracle the half-liberated soul of France.

Fortunately, perhaps, for the Republic, but lately freed from the burden of a State religion, the Pope remained silent. No word of protest at the crimes perpetrated against humanity and against Christianity has escaped from his closed lips. And this astounding silence on the part of the "Vicar of Christ upon earth" has finally destroyed any moral influence which the Papacy still retained over "the elder daughter of the Church."

Those who are good Catholics among the population will remain good Catholics, because they are faithful believers. But never again will the Vatican be permitted to exert any visible direction in the civil life of the France that will blossom out of blood shed by her sons in the sacred cause of freedom.

Whatever Protestant England may think of this proposed intervention of the Pope, I am convinced that the French Government will never agree to any such suggestion. He has been the most conspicuous absentee in the war; there is no reason why he should be present when we gather the first-fruits of victory.

Very cogent reasons, of course, exist for his desire to take a share in the reconstruction of Europe. None but the Holy See could defend with such energy the integrity of the Austrian Empire against its victorious enemies, for in no other kingdom is Roman Catholic influence so powerful. Austria and unfortunate Bohemia, not to mention Hungary and Galicia, are still black with priests and monks. We may therefore expect every effort to be made by militant Roman Catholics to insinuate the Vatican point of view and to sustain the shattered fabric of the Dual Monarchy.

It is impossible within the space at my disposal to demonstrate in detail why the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is essential to the policy of the Allies. But let us have no doubt on this point: if the Prussian military spirit is to be subdued, if the German race is to be rendered innocuous to the rest of Europe, Austria must cease to exist as a great Empire.

Of this fact the Vatican is well aware, and it goes far

to explain the Holy Father's present reserve, throwing as it does a sinister light upon his silent approval of the turpitude of the Hapsburg Monarchy and his anxiety to secure a voice in the Council which will decide its fate.

Another aspect of this matter further emphasises the impossibility of acceding to the Papal demand. For if we once permit religious questions to be raised at the Peace Congress the principle of nationalities, which ought to be its guiding star, will be speedily submerged in a flood of ecclesiastical pleas and pretensions.

These admitted, we should be faced with the claims of all the rival religious communities, who would urge an equal right to force their views upon the deliberations of the Congress, which would rapidly degenerate into a Church Council—Mahommedans might even try to bring forward the question of the Khalifa—a question which only concerns Islam and which should be treated as a local problem outside the purview of Christian Europe. The time is, after all, past when men sacrificed their lives and expended their eloquence in crusades for the defence of one creed or the imposition of another. Such wars belong to the dark ages of civilisation. The Vatican alone is interested in conserving an ideal of the State whose chief characteristic is subservience to the Church and whose highest form of activity is to draw the sword at her command. The Europe the Allies are fighting to save from a new barbarian invasion is unlikely to jeopardise its future by any concession to mediæval sacerdotalism. The peace it seeks is as far removed from Papal as it is from Teutonic tyranny.

A Nation in Waiting

By John N. Raphael

During a recent visit to London every English friend I met began conversation with the same question: "Life in France must be terribly depressing now?" It isn't. Do you get up early? If you do, you know the wondrously invigorating quality of an early morning anywhere. There is an atmosphere of hope about, which fades, becomes less poignantly insistent, as the morning gets older. France gets up to her daily work, after a year of war, with exactly that spirit of hope and of confidence in the day. She sets about her daily task with the vigour of a man who springs from bed into his tub, and who comes out of it hungry for breakfast and ready for everything. The unimaginative view of France is summarised by the expression which advertisements of patent medicines have made too familiar to us: "that tired feeling." "That tired feeling" is, I believe, beginning to be felt in Germany. It exists among civilians who are doing no war-work in England. It is quite non-existent in France, for, in France, everybody is working to end the war as the war must be ended—in victory for the Allies.

There is no greater contrast imaginable than the streets of London and the streets of Paris at the present time. There are soldiers in both, there are busy civilians in both. But in Paris there is one thought only—the war. A Frenchman will tell you, "It is hard to imagine that the enemy is so near." He will laugh cheerily as he says it. He will not ask you when you think the war will be over. He knows. The war will be over when the Germans are conquered. He has no doubts whatever on the subject. He is perfectly prepared to wait for conquest, and he is not waiting passively. He is doing everything he can, be he old or be he young, be he soldier or civilian, to bring conquest of the Germans from the realm of the future to that of the present. He has developed the gift of energetic patience, and, like

all active workers, he is happy. No Englishman who has travelled recently from London to Paris, who has traversed a part of the war zone in France, who has been within sound of the guns about midday and arrived at the Gare du Nord in the late afternoon, can have failed to receive an extraordinary impression of hope. He has left London in the morning with an armful of newspapers containing little news and columns of more or less pessimistic prophecy. He has been harassed on the journey by innumerable necessary precautions which have increased the flaws in his perspective, trifles have made him uncomfortable, and he arrives in Paris to find that trifling discomforts are things which don't matter. There are very rarely sufficient porters at the Gare du Nord in Paris when the train from Boulogne steams in. The French travellers (who in pre-war days had a great gift for grumbling) treat the inconvenience as a joke. All the grumbling is done by the English travellers, or by neutrals, who are paying their first visit to France. There is an atmosphere, immediately on arrival, of mutual help and make-the-best-of-it. Cabs are very scarce. Nobody grumbles at having to wait for them. Cabmen refuse the wealthy stranger and carry off soldiers, who will pay what fare they can pay or pay nothing. After a few minutes of Paris one forgets to feel surprised at the readiness of civilians to make things easy for men who have been wounded in their service. The salute of a civilian to a wounded soldier, and the nod and smile with which it is returned, very soon cease to give cause for wonderment. They are such a matter of course. The emptiness of the streets surprises, but one gets used to it so quickly. The closed shops make one unhappy at first. But after an hour or two one realises that every man who can fight is fighting, that every man who can work is working, and that the shops which are closed will be opened again when the victory is won, and that, in the meanwhile, everybody is doing the best he can to help everybody else. When evening comes Paris is dark as London is. But the darkness is more cheerful, because Parisians have ceased to hunt round for amusement. It is, I think, curiously significant of the mentality of the French that the Paris police has found it necessary to cancel the order under which Parisians used to be warned, a few months ago, of a possible Zeppelin

raid. When the first raids occurred, the firemen of Paris careered about the streets blowing a bugle, warning the inhabitants to remain indoors, and to keep their lights low. The result of the warning was, in every case, to bring huge crowds out into the streets to see the raid. The Zeppelins' bombs did comparatively little damage, but the crowds were a danger to themselves. People got knocked down and hurt in the darkened streets. The police no longer give us warning of a Zeppelin raid in Paris, because the Zeppelins are less dangerous than is the anxiety of Parisians to see them.

If you walk along any street in Paris between eight and half-past eight in the morning (Paris is an earlier riser than London) you will meet women with open letters. You will probably read some of them for mothers who cannot read. The arrival of the morning post in Paris is the great event of the day. In London every morning we rush to our newspapers. The Parisian reads his letters first and glances at his newspaper (or rather at the *communiqué* in his newspaper) afterwards. For the Parisian wants his news of the war from the men who are fighting. The newspaper news is of secondary importance. The Paris posts are infrequent and irregular, but there is always a delivery of "mothers' letters" every morning. "He" is all right. The business of the day may continue. "He" is wounded. "Eh bien, c'est la guerre, and we will go and see him as soon as we may." There is no letter. There will be one to-morrow. The letter is from a comrade and the news is bad. "Madame Une Telle" lost *her* third son in the Argonne yesterday. But the day's work must be done. And the letters from the front are nearly always cheery letters, for the soldier who is fighting for France knows, as the soldier who is fighting for England knows, that his duty in the intervals of fighting is to cheer up the folk who can do nothing but wait and work. Their job is an easier one in France, I think, than the job of those who wait and wonder at home in England. French civilians know how to wait and to work simultaneously. They have learned the real lesson of the war. But I don't want to make comparisons, which, as we know, are odious things to make. I want you to see France as she is.

I was leaning over the parapet of one of the quays in

Paris watching an idle string of barges. I was intimate with that quay-side. A dog-clipper used to make his headquarters on the towpath below it, and I was (three years ago, alas!) the owner of a brown poodle who needed his attentions once a month. A soldier—a French soldier in tattered and faded sky-blue—sat on a heap of gravel below me looking at the water. An old lady in mourning, a perfectly dressed, obviously wealthy old lady, picked her way carefully down the wet descent and spoke to him. The number on his collar was the number of the one regiment in France which had tugged at her heart-strings. She brought out a worn letter. The soldier shook his head. "No," he said, "I didn't know him. We were not in the same company." "He was my only son," the woman said. I could not hear what followed, but the man was evidently stammering words of consolation. "And you?" the bereaved mother said presently. "I'm home on four days' leave," her new friend said. "I am feeling a bit lonely. I am staying with my sergeant's people, but I don't really know anyone in Paris." They came slowly up the steep pathway together. He gave her his hand to help her up. When they got to the top she clung to it still. "Have you no friends of your own at all?" she asked. "Your mother?" He laughed shortly. "Je suis de l'Assistance Publique, moi, madame," he said. He was an orphan whom the State had educated. She let go his hand suddenly, and fumbled in her bag, producing a visiting card, which he took. "Yes; I'll come and see you," he said. This is absolutely all I heard and saw, but I know that the motherless soldier has found a mother, and that the poor rich sonless woman will deceive herself into the belief that her son is still alive. This is no made-up story, and it is no isolated instance of what happens in Paris. Such things as this are always happening.

On the Place Pigalle one morning where, before the war, models used to congregate and painters went to look for them, I saw three girls whose faces were familiar to me. I could not place them till one of them came up and spoke to me. Even then I found it hard to believe that she was the impudent hussy who had made me laugh a year ago, at two o'clock one morning, by rumpling the hair of a distinguished and extremely bashful British novelist, whose wife the rumpling of her husband's hair annoyed consider-

ably. All three girls had been dancers *chez* Albert. Of course, there's no night life now. "C'est loin, tout cela," she said, and nodded across the road to the closed doors of the Abbaye. She and the other girls were dressed in very little except ulsters. They wore no hats, their faces and their hands were pathetically thin. "Oh, we manage," said the "hussy." "We've had a bad time lately, though, because four of us have been living on one '*allocation*,' and that's a tight fit." There's no need for any other comment than the explanation that an "*allocation*" is the daily shilling allotted to all women who apply for it because their male support (whether married or not) is fighting. Of course, in Paris, as elsewhere, there are people who are trading on the war. The State does not inquire too closely into the means of applicants for the daily shilling. I know one mother who draws her shilling regularly. She owns two houses the tenants of which pay their rent, and she has just returned from a month's holiday in Spain. One day somebody will get angry with her and go to the *Mairie*. Then the *concièrge* of the house where she lives will get a reprimand.

I can imagine a question which must leap to the lips of any newspaper-reading Englishman: "The politicians? How is it that we hear so little of the men who are hungry for reform in France, about whom we always used to hear so much?" In France, as elsewhere, the war has changed the conditions of life. Many are finding it hard to live, others are making money. Many trades have shut down, many others have more work than they can do. The price of living has increased, some wages must be high; and yet we hear of no trade discontent, we hear of no strikes. We hear nothing of the Bourse du Travail, we hear nothing of labour leaders.

Do you see those dirty men in nondescript clothes in the trench down there? Three of them used to be labour leaders. One was a politician. The other is the son of a millionaire employer of labour. They haven't time to talk or strike. Employment is mobilised, too. The German Emperor has done what the highest hopes of Socialist labour leaders failed to realise. France is a community working for France's good. Selfishness has become a crime. There can be no strike where the only master is

France. And France has become more than a master. She is the Frenchman's mistress too at last, and it is in human nature to give to the mistress willingly service which might be irksome if it had to be given to the wife.

No German has ever understood the French. The Germans base their ignorance of the French character on 1870. They hardly realise yet the lesson which France learned forty-five years ago. But France has learned that lesson. Frenchmen know that unity of purpose, and nothing else, will win this war. The French politicians know it too. At the beginning of the war, before they learned it, party politicians made one or two grave errors. There were mistakes, there was graft, there were crimes. But the politicians, the men of party who lived on the proletariat in pre-war days, have found their masters in the stern-faced boys in shabby uniforms who have seen their comrades die because of pre-war mistakes, and of worse than mistakes. France has learned the lesson of the narrow escape which Paris had from invasion barely a year ago. The politicians who went to Bordeaux, and who remained there for their country's good until the north and nearer east of France were safe again, have had the fact impressed on them that not they, but the men who work and do not talk are France's real masters. The whole secret of France's magnificent steadfastness of purpose is the victory which she has already won over her own party politicians. Her victory over them has had, and will have, widespreading effect. France has shown her common sense; Germany will realise soon, if she does not realise already, that the much-talked-of decadence of Frenchmen was very largely on the surface. Decadence has vanished with the vanishing of too much ease and not too honestly earned prosperity.

But many Englishmen have said to me, "Is it absolutely necessary that Paris should live in half-mourning as Paris is now living? Is it absolutely necessary that Parisians should do without theatres, or very nearly do without them; that there should be no music in the restaurants, that life in the capital should be so severe? The answer to this is quite simple. There is no gaiety in Paris, there is no night life, there is very little frivolity, because you cannot burn the candle at both ends. The whole of France is working to defeat the Germans. Paris is living

with one object, living for one consummation—the expulsion of the Hun. Gaiety in Paris now would impress the Parisians as painfully as a dance on the second floor would impress the inhabitants of a first floor flat where somebody lay dead. And the people in the flat above would never have the bad taste to be frivolous, knowing of the mourning in the flat below them. But if you go to any of the larger towns within the Army zone, you will find plenty of gaiety. For the gaiety there is legitimate. The soldiers have brought it from the front. You will hear loud laughter and the popping of champagne corks in Amiens because, when the town is quiet at night, you can hear also the booming of cannon a few miles away. But even in Amiens, of which Albert is almost a suburb; even in Compiègne, where you wonder what is lacking when the sound of artillery is still; even in Soissons or St. Ménéhould, the real fighting men look askance at too much gaiety on the part of civilians or of soldiers whose work does not lead them into danger. The only possible explanation of the gaiety of London which I have ever found to satisfy a Frenchman was the explanation that every man in the British Army who is fighting at the front looks to London as the men in the trenches look to Amiens or the other towns immediately behind the lines.

I am trying, and you will help me to succeed, to present to your minds a true picture of France as France really is after a year of war and with an unknown, and unknowable, stretch of war before her. If I have done what I set out to do your mind will see the picture of a noble nation fighting, straining every nerve for victory, and using the finest tempered weapon for the purpose—cheerfulness. Paris has forgotten her former need of noise, frivolity, and lurid gaiety. Just as the women of Paris nowadays prefer to dress quietly, just as Frenchmen want no music with their meals, so does Paris dispense with the unnecessary. There will be plenty of time for amusement when the business of the war is finished. You will remember the stories which you read at school of French aristocrats in the Revolution who went to the scaffold with a smile and a jest on their lips. France is not going to the scaffold now; but every man and woman, almost every child in France, has realised the need for smiling courage. Everywhere in

France, in shell-shattered villages, in munition factories, in rich homes, in tiny shops, where old people find difficulty (their sons being absent) to keep the flag flying and to make both ends meet, you will find charity, unselfishness, courage, unsparing effort. The refugees flock back to build their homes again on the ruins the Germans have left. The peasants till the ground before the enemy has stopped the storm of shell. The farmers help the peasants, and the townsfolk help them both. The soldier, when not fighting, helps all round. The merchant helps his business rival. The mother whose son has been killed mothers the orphan. The man with one arm helps the comrade who has only one leg. The Paris cabman, even, forgets self-interest when his fare is a soldier. If he doesn't a crowd will collect and teach him his duty. There is more real politeness, there is more real gentleness abroad in France now than I have ever seen in the twenty years I have lived in the country. You must imagine that incredible thing—a nation of Frenchmen which has ceased—almost—to find fault with the Government. France is living beautifully. She is a nation in waiting.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Owing to the limitation which the Government has imposed on the importation and supply of paper in order to free ships for War purposes, readers of this "Review" are earnestly requested to place their orders in advance at their respective bookstalls, as they may not otherwise be able to obtain a copy.

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The Rôle of the Press

By Charles Dawbarn

In a former article I inveighed against the meanness of the attitude of the public towards the Press; to-day I should like to insist upon the importance of the *rôle* which events have assigned to it. There was never a time in history when a greater demand was made on the patriotism and perspicacity of those who direct public opinion. It is clear that if the war is not to go on indefinitely, there must be a complete mobilisation of national energies, and in this mobilisation the newspaper must have a large place. A politician in a genial House-of-Commons' mood dubbed the Press "the Fourth Estate"; to-day it has risen to the First Estate and ranks with princes and archbishops in the direction of the national affairs—nay, the world awaits with greater impatience the pronouncements of the popular organ than the pastorals of appointed leaders of the flock. England has bigger need than any first-class Power in Europe of enlightened comment on the situation for the reason that her public was totally unprepared by study or observation for Germany's attack on France and our own inevitable intervention. Thus it is apparent that the Press must take a leading part in the education of the people and continue to exhort them not only to courage—for, happily, that is almost unnecessary—but to strain every nerve that the war may be brought to a swift, successful issue, and thus curtail the vast accumulation of sorrow and suffering that it has brought about already.

That the war *must* be long has hardened into a sacred principle from which there would seem to be no appeal. This is sheer absurdity. If the war has to end some day, it might as well be in six months as in six years. The determining factor in the last resort is the energy of the combatants, for, in the matter of men and munitions, of general military science, audacity, and financial resource,

we are at least the equal of our adversary. The Press, therefore, has, as mission, to preach a terrible efficiency. The day is no longer to persons or to politics, but to sheer vigour and decision of character. Something of the Gallieni spirit is needed in London to sweep clean dusty Circumlocution Offices and open windows, which have long been closed to the least innovation, to the least breath of enterprise.

The Press can effect this reform much more quickly than Parliament, which is as loth as other institutions to reform itself. We have no time for Commissions or Enquiries with their leisurely procedure and their mediæval usages as out of spirit with the twentieth century as the search for Guy Fawkes in the vaults of the House of Commons by a company of Beefeaters who, it is not unreasonable to suppose, might be better employed. In a vein of pointed description M. Briand, the French Premier, once referred to the Chamber of Deputies as a stagnant pool. The description is as applicable to Westminster. Sometimes the frogs croak, even eloquently, in the pond, and there is a little splash in muddy waters—otherwise, nothing happens. It is the true image of Parliament. But the duty of the Press in time of war is to make things happen—in the right way.

For this reason, if for no other, journalists should be in Parliament and appointed to Committees where they could learn the details of public business, as across Channel. Even the rather exaggerated criticisms of M. Clemenceau, in *L'Homme Enchainé*, have done good in rousing authority from torpor; whilst M. Charles Humbert, the strenuous editor of *Le Journal*, admittedly has done immense service with his reiterated "Des canons! Des munitions!" Both men are at the very fount of information, for the one is President and the other Vice-President of the Senatorial Committee of the Army. It is certain that but for M. Humbert's implacable pursuit of perfection, the French Army would not have been as well provided as it is to-day with the furniture of war with which to resist the Germans at Verdun and elsewhere.

Therefore, give the publicist his place in the council that he may speak *en connaissance de cause*, always, of course, with the reserve that patriotism imposes, even if

the censor were not there to remind him of the danger of over-stepping it. But there is an equal danger in not being explicit enough; the latter is more likely to advantage the enemy than the chance admission of a fact, which he has known probably for weeks past through his amazing system of espionage. M. Humbert has helped greatly General Gallieni to rout routine and bring the machinery of administration to its simplest expression.

It is a little pathetic that speeches, even when spoken with authority, should be so little regarded in the House or out of it. The public has no time or inclination for deep acquaintance with Parliamentary oratory. Particularly this is true of the House of Lords, which has shown out-spokenness since the war began. Yet it is rarely that the voice of the politician penetrates to the public consciousness. But the newspaper, with its intimate persistent appeal, inserts itself with the matutinal eggs and bacon into the inmost economy of the British citizen. It cannot be escaped. Its opinions form the mental sustenance of the average reader. In consequence, the responsibility and power of the journalist in war are immeasurable. Let him remember that and the knowledge will encourage him, inspire his writings, and control his art of presenting the facts.

That portion of the English Press which has refused to accept as inevitable the thesis of a long war has been accused of lowering our prestige abroad. My own observation, however, shows me that even the provincial Press in France is well informed of English happenings. An article in a Lyons paper, before me, records with amazement (under the signature of its London correspondent) the ignorance of the British working classes of all that passes outside our islands. Even the commonest place-names in France and Belgium are distorted; Salonica and the Dardanelles are the profoundest mysteries. But behind this ignorance, and perhaps because of it, is discernible a cold and calculating spirit. The workers are wallowing in the war in England and the correspondent gives figures in support of the assertion. Sir Chiozza Money has stated in a recent magazine article that workmen have earned as much as £19 a week in English munition factories. In France this is regarded as scandalous. A certain class of speculators

has made money out of the war, but it is the exception; no working man, however expert, earns more than half-a-guinea daily in turning out armament. And this is regarded as sufficient remuneration, in view of the national character of the work. That a class should have a positive interest in the continuance of the struggle which is bringing so much suffering, moral and material, upon our Allies, as well as ourselves, is an unholy thing. Here the duty of the Press is plain to point out the impropriety of high wages in war work, in the making of profit out of blood and tears by artisans secure from most of the risks of war. And the popular Press can educate its readers to this right way of thinking. And the British working-man, on his part, is a good fellow, who loves his country, and has volunteered in considerable numbers to fight in the trenches.

The working class must be reasoned out of its selfishness and induced to accept a lower scale of remuneration. It is amenable to the sweet persuasion of the trained writer. In the same way, the Press may enlist its energies in the search for talent. We have laughed a little at the notion—misinterpreted, by the way—of a learned professor at the Sorbonne seeking a genius at the Front in the style of the Convention, which sent out commissioners for that purpose. The idea in itself is not as absurd as the professional humorists would have us believe. Of course, such a system would be open to abuse unless properly controlled: but why should not one look high and low for ability in a war which has levelled reputations and demolished precedents?

The newspapers can perform a useful service in underlining merit and directing the eyes of the Government to it. It is scarcely sensible to suppose that Generals would voluntarily unearth their own successors any more than that a Government should perform hara-kiri upon itself in the interests of young administrative talent. What is needed is a proper field for invention to display itself. Young officers of rare ability may exist capable of providing new solutions for old problems. The very number of the Fronts may give to some as yet undiscovered master of strategy his chance of distinction. It is not for the civilian to suggest in what quarter the key to the fortress may be found; but war is the great touchstone. Old-established names dwindle, new competencies reveal them-

selves. Too readily we are asked by politicians "to make sacrifices" for a war which will last long; rather should we be urged to concentrate our efforts as if to finish it next week. No amount of waiting will win it. The only things that count, other than material preparation, are force and fierceness in the right direction. The formula, "the last man wins," is not necessarily favourable to ourselves. Since we have more to lose than the Germans, it is possible that we may lose more by waiting. The Revolution did not win its astounding victories by this policy. The public spirit must be braced to understand the real conditions.

Newspapers can discover and give prominence to merit amongst the younger command and recommend it to public notice. One must remember that the men in whom we now place our confidence to end the war owe largely their positions to the fact that their good work was recognised by the journalist. In the region of foreign affairs, the policy of "leaving that to the experts" has signally failed; hence one may legitimately feel doubt about the ability of these experts to continue to conduct our affairs. The break-down of our diplomacy in the Balkans need not be insisted upon save that France has swept away the offender, whose chief offence was that he had listened to England; but we continue in sublime faith to hearken to our oracle.

It is in the power of the Press to move for strenuous government—a government within a government—which shall carry affairs forward with relentless speed and vigour. Politicians, like other men, must be judged by acts rather than by words. There is no fault to be found with the speeches of our Ministers. They are models of eloquence and are often high appeals to patriotism; but, unfortunately, they represent no programme of achievement. They are merely sword-thrusts in water; seed cast carelessly on the wind. An Inner Cabinet of determined men would see that the war did not last a day longer than is necessary. Here is the *rôle* of the Press to bring forward politicians who have shown energy; their names are known to all.

The danger is in the multiplicity of counsel. But if the Press cried with a single voice there would be evoked so strong a public clamour for efficiency and expedition that it could not be denied on the pretext that such things had never been or that So-and-so "would not like it." The

objector may urge that it is impossible to obtain the assent of the makers of public opinion. But is that certain? If agreement can be reached in appointing correspondents in the field to represent the divergent interests of editors and also in limiting the consumption of paper (as in France), cannot a common decision be reached in so patriotic a matter as a Committee of Public Safety to direct the war? Here is a new avenue of endeavour for the Press.

One can hardly exaggerate the importance at this hour of the printed word, pointed with discrimination and weighted with wisdom, for the elucidation of mysterious incompetencies and for the information and heartening of the great laborious and patient British public. And there is no Press in the world that possesses as fine and as clear a quality for this work as the British Press.

We cannot improvise staff leaders. A long and expensive course is necessary that the *élite* of officers may learn all the intricacies of its *métier*. One of the patent facts of the present campaign is the disparity between the magnificent material of the British Army and its intellectual side. Possessing an infantry second to none in the world, splendidly served by cavalry and an artillery which, if lacking the science of the French, has yet shown admirable qualities in the field, the weak point has been precisely that part of the machine which cannot be produced without an infinity of labour and preparation. You cannot call an efficient General Staff into being in a few months. It is a long road to follow, and one may be assured that only by study and application and the power to compare the present with the past is there any hope for real advancement. *Que voulez-vous?* The unlearned man to whom the history of the great campaigns says nothing at all, to whom the map of Europe is simply irregular outlines and jagged pieces of colour and nothing more, how can he find an answer to the urgent questions imposed by the conditions of modern war? His intellectual arsenal contains no instrument capable of measurement and accurate deduction.

The "Too Late" Rump

By Austin Harrison

"No power on earth can dissolve the Parliament but itself," said Bradshaw of the Rump, and so Mr. Asquith apparently says of the Coalition Rump, which has just registered another triumph in the successful quashing of the Irish rebellion. The Prime Minister is "indispensable," men say. He alone can keep together the disparate groups of his majority. He alone can cozen and placate the Nationalists, Redmondites, O'Brienites, Carsonites, Unionists, Home Rule Liberals, Anti-War Radicals, Free Traders, Hot Gospellers, and Labour men. "Hats off to the Vicar of Bray," cry the Lords Derby, Curzon, Hugh Cecil and Co., and even before the astonishment of simple men has subsided, Mr. Asquith stands up in his Rump and dares us to find any man so versed as he in the gentle "arts of Government."

The word "arts" is questionable, but 'twill serve and sounds spiritual enough. A Rump must have a soul. If it is no longer the refectory of Haldane's acolytes it is good to learn that it is a school of art, and since the Royal Academy is chiefly hung with rather tiresomely conventional war pictures, perhaps it is the best exhibition in London, especially in the way of ventriloquism.

Now, it is not really a long way to Tipperary, and so, as Mr. Asquith has gone over to Dublin to see the exploits of the Sherwood Foresters, here, in the absence of the "indispensable" man, let us analyse the nature of the Rump. What are its qualifications for war? What is the nature of its authority? What are its achievements?

Its achievements we know from the newspapers; we may write off all illusions on that score. Gallipoli,

Antwerp, shells, Kut, Serbia, waste and muddle, plus Sinn Féin, are sufficient to damn the life of any Government. These things are history to-day. Let us accept and pass on to the matter of—authority. And here, of course, we are face to face with the pendulum, or the Majority. This is where Mr. Asquith "comes in." It is on this important question that the claim of indispensability is advanced. No other man, etc. The Lords Curzon, Hugh Cecil, and Derby, etc. Even Mr. Bonar Law sings the chorus: "Vote for the Coalition candidate." The unity of the United Kingdom. The Foundations of Belief (see Mr. Balfour on submarines, etc.). If Lloyd George thinks otherwise why doesn't he follow Carson? All these nursery rhymes we know to-day by heart. They are the hey-diddle-diddle of the Majority.

But have we any real Government? Is there really a United Kingdom? Do the representatives of the old Party groups really represent the nation at war?

The answer to the first question is in the negative. Wait and see is not a formula of Government, it is the device of compromise or politics; also we know on the authority of Lord Haldane that our Government cannot act until it is forced to do so by the electorate. So that's that. What about the United Kingdom? I can only suggest, search Sir Roger. He may know. He may be able to justify the phrase, which can have precious little truth in it when one of the three kingdoms has to be left out of Imperial legislation, even in purely administrative affairs. What is the truth about the United Kingdom? It is that Ireland is our chronic "conscientious objector." Always, all the time, the cry is: "Ireland would not like it." Ireland must not be taxed, or judged, or conscripted, or even asked to fill up her own regiments at the Front. That is the truth about the unity of the United Kingdom, and this, while British and Imperial interests in a war of life or death are at the mercy of Irish M.P.'s and their Radical followers, who together conspire to keep in office, *for their own ends*, a Ministry which the nation despises.

Examine it, and even this factitious Majority is seen

to be a hollow farce—not a living farce. Nationalist M.P.'s do not truly represent Irish opinion. Mr. Redmond has no real control over Ireland—perhaps hardly over all Nationalists, of whom about one-sixth repudiate his lead. He, like Mr. Asquith, is a master of tactics, of compromise, of elegant formulæ which enable the Nationalist rough-riders to sit tight and work in collusion with British Radicals, Simonites, Pacifists, and Snowdenites, and, like Mr. Asquith, he is responsible only in his irresponsibility. Mr. Redmond has now no more commanding influence over the masses of Ireland, no more represents them, no more even understands them than Mr. Snowden represents or knows our working men, or Mr. Ramsay Macdonald really knows or represents the English Midlands.

Proof? Mr. Redmond's revealed ignorance of the significance, strength, danger and activity of Sinn Féin, proof of which again lies in his failure to warn Mr. Birrell who, he knew, knew nothing, and was not supposed to know anything; for this, in his own despite, is the only honourable construction that can be placed upon his ignorance and silence. So that the Majority is really reduced to this. In the midst of the greatest crisis in European history we are still philandering with our old Parliamentary idols, in a House elected years before war in totally different conditions for specifically peaceful purposes. In this senile Assembly a consummate tactician, who does not pretend to govern, but only to keep the Caucus together, contrives to amble through the difficulties that beset him on the principle of barter, compromise, place-giving, and formula, propped up by his minor ally, another consummate tactician, who also does not govern his own Party, but who, owing to the power given him by the ludicrous and anomalous over-representation of his Party in the House, maintains the other tactician in office by keeping together Irish and British Home Rulers, not for the prosecution of the war, not even with a view to the prosecution of war, but for purposes of divisions in Parliament on the understanding that the last word shall always be "whether Ireland does or does not resent it."

The Governor of England is the political governor of

Mr. Asquith, and he stands outside both law and responsibility. The Majority exists by *force majeure* of Mr. Redmond, who refuses to allow the Military Act to be applied to Ireland and yet is so ignorant of the condition of affairs in his own Island that when rebellion breaks out all he can say is what Mr. Asquith said, in the words of the old song, when the Germans went to war in 1914: "O, what a surprise!" And so they have both got "two lovely black eyes." In reality, the Majority, by virtue of which Mr. Asquith remains in office at the heel of Mr. Redmond, who does not even know when rebellion is afoot in his own country, is composed of the factions sent up by the Caucus in time of peace and prosperity to boom Home Rule, Pacifism, Free Trade, Free Churches, Pensions, Economy, and Labour Privilege, when Mr. Lloyd George was, like the billiard jigger or "drunkard's friend," and the last thing thought about by any man in the House or Cabinet was the direction of a world-war. Yet so it is. The entire Majority is the creature of Home Rule, Free Trade, Pacifism, and Free Church. And this artificial Majority in *one* House—the complete reason of whose existence was extinguished at the first shot of war—continues to be our masters, to speak for us, to dictate to us, though its nominal leader is only the follower of the nominal leaders of the three other sections of the spurious block they call the Parliament; and the whole is governed by an Irish faction which does not even know what is going on in Ireland and declines even the citizenship of British civilisation. This is the nature of the Majority of the Rump. This is the basis of Mr. Asquith's indispensability. This is the authority which would deprive journalists of the right of criticism of the sins of commission and omission of the Twenty-three. This is the qualification to wage war held by the Government. And it is these "arts," to quote Mr. Asquith, which are presented to us for adoration, while, above the snarls and scolding of Nationalists at Westminster, the cry goes forth from hapless Ireland: "Govern or clear out."

And so we find this Majority, which imagines it stands for liberty and Democracy, collapsing in the streets of Dublin, and authority shooting rebels no longer in arms

and soldiers passing sentences upon civilians contrary to all known principles of British law, which, as laid down by Professor Dicey in 1889, proclaims that soldiers have no right to inflict punishment for rebellion, and any execution inflicted by a court-martial is illegal and technically murder. It is a pretty middling muddle, even for the Rump. If that is proof of indispensability, then may St. Patrick save us, for certainly the Saints of the Georges and of Jerusalem won't. As eminent lawyers write to me: "If a Sinn Féiner, why not shoot a 'conscientious objector,' or a striker, or a fraudulent contractor, or a shirker, or a journalist?" and I confess I find this logic of my jurisprudence correspondents unanswerable. Do the new Orders in Council cover these practices? That is what constitutional lawyers are asking to-day. Will an Act of Indemnity serve to draw the veil? And then there is the matter of the damage. Are we to pay for the Sinn Féiners' wreckage? Or shall we hand over Ireland to the Irish to see what really will happen there? And so on. Such are the conveniences of Mr. Asquith's indispensability. And our genial Prime Minister "keeps on smiling" and turns to Mr. Redmond for guidance apparently with the same regard for the realities and necessities of war as that which prompts the serenity of the cook who advertises for a situation in the newspapers: "Salary, £50; no children; under-maid; light work; week-ends." No need to ask whether we are downhearted. How can we be when the indispensable man is in the right place? As well put the (im)pertinent question whether such a Rump is the best obtainable Government for conducting war, seeing that it was taken by surprise by the Irish even as it was by the Germans and on two subsequent occasions by the Turks. It would not be in the country's interests to reply to such interrogations. It might not be safe for a journalist to supply the answer.*

But enough of Ireland. We know that the Rump is not a Government for the conduct of war and does not pretend to govern. We know that its achievements are remarkable. We know that its authority for being

* Mr. Asquith says we have 5,000,000 soldiers, yet Field-Marshal French told Mr. Birrell he could not spare even a regiment for Ireland. What does this mean?

a Rump at all is based on a peace majority which to-day no longer exists and voted it into office for diametrically opposite purposes to those it to-day has to attend to. And, of course, every sane man knows that no man is indispensable. The Rump, then, persists because it chooses to; because, as Bradshaw said long ago, "no power on earth can dissolve the Parliament but itself"; because, owing to the Irish over-representation, the Unionist Coalition Ministers hesitate to upset it for fear of Irish opposition in the event of an alternative Government. That is the reason of its continuance. No other. It lives because Mr. Redmond might be able to knock down a proper War Government.

The Rump, or servile Parliament, might not necessarily so much matter were it not for the palsy that its Coalition deadweight has cast upon the country. In public places men talk pretty freely to-day, and not a good word is uttered for the Control Board, for that is what it amounts to, which, controlling the two Party machines, thus checkmates the national resolve to get on more expeditiously with the war. There being no opposition in Parliament, all outside criticism is put down to personal animosity or intrigue, and, owing to the fierce jealousy of the Press, free expression has been whittled down to a few newspapers and individuals, who, as a consequence, are regarded as "mad, bad, or both," though the Government admits it can only act by propulsion, and every right step taken in the war so far has been the direct result of criticism, outcry, and that incentive which Lord Haldane informed us was essential to inspire Democratic Government.

And so we have this condition of the Rump. Mr. Redmond's paralysis weakens Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Asquith's paralysis overpowers the Cabinet, and the Cabinet's paralysis sterilises Parliament, and the Parliament's paralysis acts like a blight upon the land, and the people's paralysis devitalises the real and only true national power in the country to-day—the Press. Ever since the Coalition was formed we have suffered governmentally from a series of distrophies, so to speak. There is no command because no responsibility. Always the half-measure, the paralytic

step, is resorted to, the latest of which is the peculiar Air Board, under Lord Curzon [who as ex-Viceroy may be an authority on white elephants, but certainly has no expert or practical knowledge of aeronautics], the chief object of which would seem to be the downing of that inconvenient "cuss," Mr. Pemberton-Billing, the usual whitewash and more morphia for the general public. People look on and soliloquise, but they cannot see above the political thicket. Mr. Bonar Law agrees, the Unionists say; Labour agrees, the Trade Unions say; Parliament agrees, constituencies repeat; a large part of the Press acquiesces, the public whispers, and the Lords and the women have no power.

So that we have this paradoxical position, that the men who are right are wrong, and those who are wrong are right. The men *who were right about the Germans, who, in the face of unpopularity, warned the country before the war, who have studied the whole question for years and have fought ever since* 1914 *to get the proper things done and, admittedly, largely have got them done*—these are the men who to-day find themselves reviled as pro-Germans, attacked as minimisers, and flouted as judges, whereas *all the men who were wrong before the war and who have committed one blunder after another until our diplomacy, our War Government, our procrastinations, our softness our unimaginativeness, our selfish incapacity to understand the nature and necessities of this war have become the joke of Europe*—these muddlers remain in office and actually, owing to the political conditions of the country, are able to brand as non-patriots those men and critics but for whose moral courage, impersonal honesty, knowledge of war, and patriotism this country would have lost our Allies the war.

I do not imagine any non-Party man will question this. M.P.'s may think Mr. Pemberton-Billing a nuisance, but not even Mr. Tennant would suggest that his energies have not been useful or directed in the interests of country. When the *Morning Post* stopped the Germans from passing through our Navy it rendered a great national service. When the *Daily Mail* broke up the muddle about shells it perhaps saved Europe. When compulsion was

forced on the Government, were the men who had urged its introduction for a whole year right or wrong? When the few men who knew the Germans told Britain that we were in for a life and death struggle—were they right? When the Press besought the Government not to embark on side-show expeditions, or, as the Germans call them, "prestige campaigns"—was the Press wrong now that we have seen the results in Gallipoli and Kut? When the Press appealed to Sir E. Grey not to trust Bulgaria but support Serbia—was the Press wrong? When the Northcliffe Press clamoured for organisation, government, economy, and national service—was it not acting in the highest interests of Great Britain and of France?

Is Blatchford a pro-German? Has he been right or wrong? Has Mr. Lovat Fraser been right, or has Colonel Hush-up? Has Lord Northcliffe shown the better judgment, the higher utility, the finer moral courage, or has Sir John Simon who talked of "one volunteer equalling any four conscripts" and resigned rather than help raise the armies, or Mr. Thomas who has threatened to stir up the railwaymen at the mention of national service, or Mr. Asquith who appointed a contemplative scholar to allow Ireland to run amok, or Mr. Snowden who has tried to stop the recruiting of the armies, or the directors of Liberal Party opinion who delayed compulsion for a year until to-day the question is whether it is not too late? Has the Liberal Press, which was pleading for non-intervention at the beginning of August, 1914, done most to educate the public up to the needs and sacrifices necessary with its amateurish tom-tom daily victory shouting, so preventing the public from knowing the truth, or that abused section of the Press which, knowing the dangers and the power of the enemy, has struggled nationally against the sloth and ignorance of the Government to force it to do its duty?

In this REVIEW we have done what we could, and if any man will take the trouble to see what was written in these pages, any month as far back as June of last year, he will find that every word of criticism has proved only too exact, every opinion uttered only too prophetic. Am

I, because I have attacked Mr. Asquith for his delays, half-measures, and constitutional incapacity to understand war —am I a bad patriot? Before the war I was reviled as a German-baiter by the Liberal Press, at that time hypnotised by Lord Haldane's "spiritual" nonsense. I can safely say to Mr. Asquith and the Coalition: "Read the REVIEW or any word that I have ever written about Germany or on the war and compare it with what you have said, or your Party, or your Press, or your Ministers and say, if you dare, who, in the light of events, was right.

There is a right and a wrong way to wage war, that is all; unfortunately, the Rump has always to think politically. Elected for the affairs of peace, the Rump naturally knows not how to wage war. It survives because it controls the double Party machinery and because, with the notable exception of Sir Edward Carson, none of the Unionist Coalition Ministers have the moral courage to do the straightforward thing and resign. Everybody knows this. In every drawing-room in London it is the common talk. Even in remote country villages people scan eagerly the morning papers to see whether some man has not plucked up courage sufficient to come out of the palsied Ministry. But no, The politicians remain politicians. They wait and see. They even write letters in support of Coalition candidates, and so we have the spectacle of a constituency electing a Coalition septuagenarian, who obviously can only say amen to Mr. Asquith, rather than an independent candidate of fighting years, who would furnish just that precise inspiration that Lord Haldane told us was so pathetically lacking. It is politics, nothing more or less. We cannot rid ourselves of our political attitude. For no man would suggest that Mr. Boosey is a pro-German, and every man will admit that a hale and hearty business man is a better agent to help conduct war than a septuagenarian approaching now the evening of his years. Why is this? Why are these extraordinary things perpetrated? Again the answer is the Rump—politics—the blight of politics. When, just before the war, Mr. Belloc wrote of a "servile Democracy," he pronounced a terrible truth. We are as political to-day as ever, that is the fact. We can only see things through the patchwork

formulæ of politics. We can only measure men by the tape of the Party tailor.

Take the case of Sir E. Grey. He lost Serbia through his blind reliance on the group which advised him about Bulgaria. Telegrams poured in imploring him to support Serbia, to allow Serbia to attack, but he took no notice. The result we all know. But for a mistake by the Bulgarians the whole Serbian army would have been captured. Yet Sir E. Grey remains securely at the Foreign Office. There never was such a colossal blunder as that over Bulgaria. Why is the man responsible still at the helm? Because there is no responsibility, that is why. Because Mr. Asquith does not wish to lose his friend. Because the public knows so little of the truth that it is not able to judge. Because Sir E. Grey is "indispensable" (shall we say?) to the vested interests of the Coalition.

Yet M. Delcassé fell in France for being party to Sir E. Grey's weakness. That is the difference between responsible and irresponsible government. In France men who fail in war go, in England they abuse their critics and live to fail again. To fail again. That is the moral of the Rump. It fails because it cannot help failing. It will go on failing for the same reason.

To-day there are ominous peace rumours going about, subterranean intrigues, plans, and combinations which may take the public as suddenly "by surprise" as war found them in 1914. The Rump is in power. The same men who failed over war are certain to fail over peace. They have the authority. Democracy knows little of what is going on, and will know less about peace conditions and negotiations. Diplomacy is more secretive than ever. Parliament also knows little, except when its doors are closed to the public. The journalists speak at their own risk. Such is the position. Sir E. Grey has still complete liberty to talk about the "Freedom of the Seas." Mr. Asquith has already reduced his conditions to a vague peace formula about Prussian militarism which means nothing. Here

there is steadily growing a species of Sinn Féin commercial attitude towards war, which also may astonish Mr. Asquith.

We have the Government we deserve, of course, but the question is whether the country has not proved that to-day it deserves a better Government. What has the Rump done, what is it doing, about the vital matter of an economic alliance with our friends after the war? The Paris Conference has been strangely "out of the news" of late. It has been postponed. It would not astonish me in the least to see it postponed again. And what about that other vital matter: Imperial relations after the war? We don't hear much about this either. There are rumours of the usual committees, one to consider, the other to reconsider, a third to consider the constitution of yet a fourth; all postponing the solution for at least a year, all making for that palsied condition, wait and see or do nothing, though the Government must know that, as the result of war, there must almost inevitably be a fierce economic or trade war which Germany is preparing with Central Europe to fight as fiercely and scientifically as on the field of battle.

Are the Government preparing, even preparing to prepare? I can see no signs of it. For two months now Mr. Hughes has resided in our midst, yet it never occurs to the Twenty-three to utilise the services of this born leader of men; to give him the place in the Cabinet that should be his right, as Australian Prime Minister; to seek his co-operation in the task of consolidating the Empire or helping to fight the Germans. Mr. Hughes is one of our great Imperial heads, yet here he is allowed to "kick his heels about," so to speak, as if he were of no importance whatever, and so markedly is this the case that one can only assume that the Caucus is rather afraid of introducing into its councils a man who has accomplished big things and stands for action and constructive Imperialism. Here he is, and now, if ever, is the time to rivet the Empire together, to get things done, to see imaginatively, to show the Dominions we are worthy of their superb patriotism. But Mr. Asquith ignores these things. He has no vision.

He does not apparently even seem to care whether Mr. Hughes is in England or not, and so the bonds of Empire, the economic problem after the war, Bah! the great leader of the Anzacs, leave him cold and irresponsive.

This war will be won by action, more action; organisation, more organisation; audacity, more audacity; or not at all. Has the Rump on any occasion shown one of these qualities? Can Twenty-three men possibly unite these qualities? If not, can we expect to win? Nay, does the Rump really want to win?

In the answer to these questions lies the fate of Europe and perhaps of our Imperial continuity. The Verdun battles go on and will go on. Though the Germans failed to take the fortress by a *coup de main* they are enabled to keep up a continual battle-ground there, which is, of course, their object: to anticipate the French offensive, to use up the Reserves in men and munitions, to maintain a constant drain on the French armies for the purpose of containing enormous forces and so depriving the French of the offensive and the free initiative; and the probabilities are the Germans will go on with the Verdun battles right through the summer, as their whole military aim now is to fight down the French to the point of exhaustion. Similarly the Austrians have struck at Italy. We may expect Hindenburg to strike for Riga when the weather permits. We and the enemy stand this summer at our top strengths. Knowing that, the Germans will use all their power to fight for decisions which must fall this summer militarily, and these results will be decisive. On them will depend, if not actually peace, certainly the nature of the terms ultimately obtainable by either side.

In the Hands of the Money-Lender

By Raymond Radclyffe

We are spending five millions a day on the war. Week by week we are diminishing the amount spent in the United States for shells, guns, boats, and all the varied armaments which we needed when war began. It is estimated that during 1916 we shall have cut down our orders for such goods by 75 per cent. This from one point of view is excellent, because it reduces the amount we must pay the United States and increases the sum spent in Great Britain. There is this drawback. We have forced all our factories to make munitions and have thus shut down a considerable portion of our export trade. America having fewer orders from us will attempt to keep her works busy by capturing the foreign trade we did before the war began. We must continue to buy foodstuffs abroad, but we may reasonably hope that during the present year our imports will fall, if not in value, at any rate in bulk. At the present time we are exporting about thirty-seven millions a month and importing about seventy-six millions, exclusive of Government supplies, which, for some reason, are not included in the figures. Roughly, we may calculate that we import about six hundred millions a year more than we export. But against this we must set the value of services rendered, such as interest on loans made by us, freight charges, commissions on finance business. We have been selling our American securities and therefore reducing the amount the United States has to pay us for interest; on the other hand, we are getting a very much larger sum in freights. The *Statist* estimates that services rendered would amount to £500,000,000 a year, which seems on the optimistic side. But the estimate can only be a guess, for there is no way of arriving at the real sum. But taking the figure as correct we get an adverse balance of £100,000,000, to which must be added about £400,000,000 which we shall have to lend to our Colonies and our Allies—five hundred millions in all.

These huge figures are confusing because no one can grasp them and because they do not rest upon any proved basis so far as the value of our services are concerned. The only thing which stands out definitely is the fact that, somehow or other, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to find nearly two thousand millions a year.

He has now decided to collect one-quarter of this amount yearly by way of taxation. This is a sound plan, and if he had apportioned the amount fairly no one could have grumbled. But he chose, from mixed motives of indolence and policy, to collect 70 per cent. by direct taxation, which falls mainly upon the rich, who form one-tenth of the population, and 30 per cent. by indirect taxation, of which the larger portion is borne by the industrial classes, who form nine-tenths of the population. But sound as the plan of obtaining one-fourth of the expenses of the war by taxation may be, we must not forget that taxation tends to raise prices. Manufacturers who have to pay 60 per cent. excess profits tax and an increased income-tax will attempt to add these taxes on to the price of their goods. Consumers see prices rising and they complain that huge profits are made, which is true enough. But they must not forget that to-day the manufacturer is paying out about two-thirds of his extra profit to the Government. Prices must rise. They will go on rising as the Government goes on spending money. We have printed and circulated about £115,000,000 of paper money since the war began, we have coined and circulated a huge amount of silver money which is not worth 50 per cent. of its face value in silver. We have sold about six hundred and fifty millions of Treasury Bills, which some people consider as cash, and which, though not currency in shops, are as good as currency in Lombard Street. We have issued Loans to the tune of eight hundred and fifty millions. As this huge mass of paper is looked upon by the banks as quite as good as cash it therefore forms a basis for credits and inflation of prices is inevitable, and the floods of paper cannot stop. We added over one thousand millions to the Debt during 1915–16, and we must add between a thousand and thirteen hundred millions during the present year. How can it be done?

The Chancellor does not tell us. He taxes us and takes

five hundred millions, but he does not give a hint as to how he will obtain the balance of thirteen hundred millions. Germany methodically makes quarterly offers of 5 per cent. War Loan issued a point or two under par, and she allows all the bankers and finance houses to advance the funds to intending subscribers. This has been sneered at by us, but really it is the only way of getting the credit. It is cheap, for the loans are not repayable except at the option of the Government. Our Government appears to be unable to make up its mind what to do. It is selling some eight millions of 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds each week, and has now placed about two hundred millions. But this will not pay the weekly expenses of thirty-five millions, and the deficit has been met by selling Treasury Bills, of which about six hundred and fifty millions have already been placed. But everyone knows that this easy-going method cannot continue. For there is one drawback. The bill has to be met. The Chancellor reminds me of a gay young spendthrift who wants money and goes to the money-lenders. They get him to sign a bill at three months; he renews at a higher rate of interest, and so the game goes on until the money-lender has all the possessions of the youth. Our Chancellor, in the year ended March 31st, borrowed £961,821,000 on Treasury Bills at varying rates of interest, and in the same year he had to repay £473,003,000. This left him owing £488,818,000 when the new financial year began. He has since added almost £160,000,000 to his short-dated loans. It cannot go on. There is no more expensive method of borrowing than by Treasury Bill. The banker is naturally delighted when he buys a million of three months 5 per cent. Bills—he doesn't pay a million, he pays £987,500. So that each quarter he makes £12,500 on his cash, which, as anyone can see, is over 5 per cent. It is true that recently the Treasury has slightly reduced its rates on short bills, but still pays 5 per cent. on the longer periods. Every week it must go on borrowing and every week it sees its short-dated debt creeping up. The banker chuckles. He will one day discover that money is extraordinarily scarce and that it will be impossible to renew at the old rates. He will do as the money-lender always does. He will put the screw on. I do not suspect the banker of any lack of patriotism. He

has loyally done all he can to help the Chancellor. But he is not handling his own money. He is using the deposits of his customers, and he must do the best he can for his shareholders. Also he cannot lock up the whole of his deposits even if he wished. He has many loans which he cannot call in. He has much money invested in securities which, thanks to silly Treasury rules, he cannot sell. He must keep a certain amount of money liquid. Therefore, in spite of all the inflation of the currency which paper money and Treasury Bills causes, he will one day reach a point of saturation and the Treasury Bill will find itself a drug in the money market. The danger of the present system of finance is extreme. It is expensive, for the interest is high and the Bills are not subject to income-tax deducted at source like Exchequer Bonds.

I urge most strongly that the Chancellor should make a Loan. I hope that no troubles worse than those we have already passed through will befall. But in war one never knows what will happen, and no nation should owe such a huge sum as six hundred and fifty millions repayable at the best in a year and most of it repayable in three, six, and nine months. Jacob Schiff, the ablest financier in the United States, once said that short-dated notes would ruin the richest corporation in the world if persisted in. Yet we are financing in this way and the money-lender in Lombard Street is chuckling. The more he lends the better pleased he is. He knows that one day he will be able to put the screw on. The Chancellor has put the nation into the hands of the Jews, and unless he acts quickly he will not be able to get rid of his incubus.

The whole trouble arises from the incurable incapacity of the politician to face facts. He always thinks the "war will soon be over." He always thinks that victory is certain, and thinking thus he laughs at the paltry six hundred and fifty millions in short-dated bills. But suppose the war lasts two or three years longer. Suppose we don't beat the German. What shall we do then? Repudiate the Bills? The time might come when we couldn't float a loan at any price. Let us take opportunity by the forelock and float one now, whilst we can.

The "New York Tribune" on the Government

THE following remarkable article appeared in the *New York Tribune*, May 1st. It reflects what has been said over and over again in THE ENGLISH REVIEW during the last year.—EDITOR.

. . . THERE is Ireland blazing into revolt. We have had strike after strike; we have had, and there remains, the struggle over conscription, the quarrel about married men. We have seen a civil Government that cannot deal with a situation because it cannot understand it, because it cannot deal with facts at all, because it can only talk. It lied to the British people over all the years before the war came. It almost lied the British people out of the war altogether, and left France to perish alone. It has been lying ever since.

To this very day, when British prestige has become a byword in the market places of the world, the British Press and the British rulers are talking about what is to be done to Germany, about crushing Germany, about putting the people of Germany in control of their own country. But does anyone suppose that the people of Germany would care to change the German for the British method? Does anyone suppose that there will ever be a real chance of crushing Germany—a foolish thing to talk about anyway—if the same spirit, the same method, the same men continue to lead blind men through the darkness without vision?

The censorship of the British Press, the public utterances of the British statesmen have from the beginning deceived the people. The leaders told them two years ago that no war was conceivable. The war came, the English went to the defeat that was inevitable, and the leaders who had deceived them suppressed the fact, clothed defeat with the garments of victory, never for a moment gave the British people a real vision of the conflict or a real appreciation of the fact that the war was to be long, the issue doubtful, and the sacrifice enormous.

The English people have had to find out for themselves and in the depths of agony and suffering what this world war was. The Colonies, far more alive to the fact than the Mother Country, have sent their sons to Flanders and to

Gallipoli, and they have been slaughtered as they were at Anzac, at Ypres. Talk with Australians or Canadians in England or on the Continent and you will get a real and a saddening view of British conditions. These men see, they have suffered, they are ready to suffer more, but there is a despair in their hearts because they feel that the British will not see, will not understand.

Talk with the Frenchman and there is no difference. His effort to praise the British is almost painstaking. He will tell you that England has done more than she promised, much more, that she fights with cleaner hands than any nation. But he will say also, "They always come too late; they do not understand this war that we are fighting. Their generals are brave, their soldiers are splendid, but they never arrive and they never learn!"

In France you have the impression of a people dealing with the most terrible fact in this history of the race with courage, competence, and complete comprehension. You feel that the people and the generals, the soldiers and the civilians have taken a firm grip upon the realities of their world. But in England you have no such impression, no such reaction. In France men talk to you about the strength of Germany, but if you read the British Press you must conclude that Germany is starving to death, bankrupt, that her people are on the point of rising to expel the Kaiser and request Asquith or Grey to accept the German crown. You hear of British successes which were British defeats; you hear of how Britain has saved France and saved Russia and is about to save Belgium; you know that Britain has never yet been able to save anything on land, and that the whole war waits until the British can at last get ready.

When an American, and particularly an American with a British ancestry, criticises Britain of to-day he does it with a feeling of sadness, because he sees in Britain exactly what he knows would come in his own country, what he fears will come in his own country at the first great crisis, at the first considerable war. A whole system has broken down in England—a system of empire, of life, of government. A handful of insignificant and selfish politicians, long in control of the fortunes of the nation, have managed to keep control despite their failures, which in France would have

brought them to the lamp-post; they have deceived the British people, and they are continuing to deceive the British people, and the result is seen in Flanders, in Asia, all over the world, and it is flaming up in Ireland.

The whole atmosphere of London to-day is an atmosphere of unreality, of apprehension, and of a nation wandering in darkness, conscious that its leaders are shams, that it has neither statesmen nor generals.

The Allies may win the war, and yet England may fail to readjust herself, to find herself. The odds against Germany are great, but the thing that every friend of England must feel is that without a readjustment, without something that approximates a revolution, that sweeps out of office and out of public life the little men with their fluent speech and their purblind eyes, their elegant phrases and exquisite verbal regard for the moralities of life, England will end the war in worse shape than a beaten Germany, than a France ravaged from the Marne to the Moselle, and numbering her dead by the hundred thousand.

The French expect to win the war, but they expect to win it by hard fighting, by terrible sacrifices, and they recognise at all times that the Germans are skilful, brave, strong. But the British Press and the British public seem still to believe that war will be won by a miracle because the Germans are wicked; that God will do for the English what they have not done for themselves; that Germany is going to curl up and go generally to deep damnation of a sudden because of the wickedness, the essential sinfulness of "the Hun."

But always in England you have the sense of these little men, these empty politicians, this eternal talk, the words that disguise the truth, these words of the men who told England that no enemy was in sight when the German Army was already on the road, and could be seen not alone from the watch-tower, but from the streets. These little men who fight among themselves for office and for influence, who cling to salaries and to prominence, and answer each other with words that are as empty as the very ashes of Belgium's ruined cities. They cannot understand. Nothing of all that has happened since this terrible world-tragedy began has affected them. They denied that it could come, they deny that it has come.

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